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The Outlook

DECEMBER 17, 1910

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
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THE BRITISH ELECTION

As the British election proceeds there is surprisingly little change in the relative positions of the parties. With the polling complete in nearly two-thirds of the constituencies, the Conservative or Unionist party has gained nineteen seats, the Liberal party has gained thirteen seats, and the Labor party four seats, making a net gain for the Unionists over their Coalition rivals of two seats. The majority of the Coalition forces—composed of Liberals, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists—at the dissolution of Parliament was about one hundred and twenty. It is practically certain, therefore, that Mr. Asquith will return to power with at least an undiminished majority. The practice of stretching a general election out over three weeks, instead of concentrating it on one day, is not the only feature of British electoral procedure which is strange to those accustomed only to the American plan. The general and indeed the only real advantage of this practice of having the different constituencies poll on different days lies in the opportunity which it affords for the plural voter. Not only does the British system hold the possession (or occupation) of property as a prerequisite for voting, but it provides that a citizen may vote in every constituency in which he owns property. It is a very common occurrence, therefore, for a man to have several votes, and in some cases the number rises as high as thirty or forty. There are some five hundred thousand plural voters in England and Scotland. Obviously, if all the elections were held on one day, a voter so qualified could hope to cast his ballot in only one or two constituencies at the most, while under the present system he can vote, if he so desires, in many of the places where he holds property. Another unfamiliar feature of the British election system is the one to which we referred last week, the fact that general elections are not fixed affairs, but come at irregular and sometimes unexpected moments, determined by the changing fortunes of the government in power. When the Ministry of the day is unable to enact into law any important part of its legislative programme or loses the confidence of the House of Commons in its executive acts, unless it is willing to resign and hand the reins of government over to its opponents, Parliament is dissolved and a general election ensues. After the dissolution of Parliament by the King (who acts, of course, on the advice of his Ministers) writs are issued from the Crown Office calling for a new election. These writs may be issued immediately upon the dissolution, as was the case in the present election, or at a time several weeks later, determined by the Ministry, as was the case a year ago. The writs are sent to a returning officer in each division, who in the case of towns and cities is the mayor, and in county divisions nominally the high sheriff, although actually a deputy appointed by him. Upon the receipt of the writ, the returning officer fixes a day for nomination and a day for polling, within certain definite limits, shorter in the case of borough (city or town) divisions, and longer in the case of the counties. On the day set for nomination the names of candidates are publicly received in the form of petitions which must be signed by a proposer and seconder and eight other electors. A candidate need not be a resident in the constituency or even in England. A British subject whose home is in Canada or Australia can land from a steamer one day and the next day be nominated as a Parliamentary candidate. If on

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the day of nomination there is no contest for the seat, the name of only one candidate being presented, no further election is held in that constituency and the single candidate is declared elected. Out of the first three hundred and fifty seats in the present election over one hundred and thirty were uncontested. If the seat is contested and more than one candidate appears, the polling takes place a few days later. The task of the British voter is of the simplest; the Parliamentary election is entirely divorced from the local elections, and the voter is called upon to vote for only one man for one office (with a few exceptions in large "two-member" divisions where he must vote for two). The ballot is not much larger than a postal card and is extremely simple. The names of candidates appear in alphabetical order, and there is no mention of the political parties with which the candidates are allied. The British Constitution knows nothing of political parties; they are not mentioned in the journals of the House of Commons nor in any of the laws governing Parliamentary election. There appear on the ballot only the names of the candidates and their description—gentleman, barrister, trade union secretary, or what not.

BRITISH NOMINATION AND ELECTION METHODS

The process of nomination for Parliament is also essentially different in England from that in the United States. The selection of a party candidate in a constituency is generally made by a small sub-committee of the Executive Council of party associations. Such a thing as the participation of all the members even of the local association in this selection is practically unknown, and the participation of all party voters in a constituency through such a means as a primary election is absolutely unknown. If the nominating committee cannot find a local man who is available for the nomination, the assistance is asked of the headquarters association of the party in London. This central office of the party takes care not to offer its advice unasked, but is always ready to suggest candidates when they are wanted. There is comparatively little competition for nominations for Parliament, for several reasons. First, members are unpaid; second, a member of Parliament has no patronage in his gift, not even so much as a postmastership in a hamlet of one hundred inhabitants; third, he can do very little to promote the special interests of his constituency, because, with few exceptions, the national Treasury spends no money for local improvements, and what is known as private bill legislation is almost wholly removed from the control of the individual member; fourth, the expenses of the election in each constituency are borne by the candidates themselves, the cost of an election sometimes amounting to from twenty-five hundred to five thousand dollars. In addition, the candidate must spend a considerable sum of money in looking after the registration and in that kind of attention to his constituency which is known as "nursing," the expenses of these two items amounting to, say, from two thousand to twenty-five hundred dollars a year; fifth, there is in England no political pyramid with steps narrowing toward the top as in this country, by which office-holders go from the smaller local offices by gradual steps to the more important State and National ones. But perhaps the strongest reason for the maintenance of this uncompetitive method of nomination lies in the difference of point of view. The English side of this difference is described by President Lowell in his book on "The Government of England." He says: "The voters are chiefly interested in the victory of the party to which they belong, in the accession to power of a Ministry professing the principles in which they believe. The particular person who sits as their representative on a bench behind those Ministers, though by no means a matter of indifference to them, is of less importance; and this is true not only of the voters at large, but also of the small group of men who take an active part in politics. They are not bands of liegemen following their chief in the hope of personal profit." In the conduct of the election three distinct organizations within each party come into play. There is (1) the Conservative or Liberal local organization in the constituency; (2) the national associations, constituted of representatives of the local organization; and (3) the headquarters organization, whose central figure is the

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chief House of Commons whip of each party. The last of these the rank and file of the party know little about; for there are no conventions or public meetings in connection with the headquarters organizations. The chief whip is supreme; he handles large sums of money; but, with the exception of the leaders, no one knows how this money is raised, and no public statement is issued accounting for its expenditure. The expenditure of money in the constituencies themselves, however, is very definitely fixed by law, and severe penalties are imposed for the illegal use of money. Parliament has not only limited the objects for which money may be spent, but has also set a maximum limit to the amount that may be spent—a limit varying in accordance with the number of names on the electoral roll. The penalties for corrupt practices are severe. If it is found that any corrupt practice has been committed by a candidate, or with his knowledge and consent, his election is void and he is forever incapable of being elected to Parliament by that constituency. If, however, the corrupt practice is committed by his agents, the election is void and the candidate is incapable of being chosen by that constituency for seven years. The restrictions upon the use of money are so strict and the statutes dealing with corrupt practices are so severe that British elections are, as a rule, remarkably pure.

THE SHORT SESSION OF CONGRESS

The final session of the Sixty-first Congress, according to general prediction and general precedent, will be not only short, but uneventful as regards new legislation. It is impossible to get much positive action from a Congress which is merely filling a gap under the antiquated system of allowing a year to elapse before a new Congress meets—a system which few defend but no party energetically proposes to overthrow. Especially is this true when, as now, the party in power has been defeated in the Congressional elections. Moreover, the President's Message, summarized and characterized last week in The Outlook, made no insistent call for immediate action, whether on the tariff or in other directions. Before Mr. Cannon on Tuesday of last week called the House of Representatives to order he received many congratulations on being, as one of the cartoonists called him, "the last survivor of the wreck." His expected successor, Mr. Champ Clark, was received with vociferous acclamation by the Democratic side of the House. The allusions to the "Can't Come Back Club" and "Lame Duck Alley" were many, and altogether the new situation was treated in a good-humored rather than a despondent fashion, although in the lower house a Republican majority of about forty-five is to give way next session to a Democratic majority of about sixty. In the Senate an adjournment was taken in respect for the announced death of four Senators between the sessions—an event, Senator Bacon pointed out, which had no precedent in the history of Congress. All four—Dolliver, of Iowa; McEnery, of Louisiana; Daniel, of Virginia, and Clay, of Georgia—had been long in the Senate, Mr. Daniel twenty-three years, Senators Clay and McEnery thirteen years, Senator Dolliver ten years. They will be succeeded by ex-Governor Claude Swanson, of Virginia; Joseph W. Tirrell, of Georgia; Lafe Young, of Iowa, and J. R. Thornton, of Louisiana. The reception of the Message and of departmental reports chiefly occupied the week's record of Congress. It is noted that, while economy is promised as the order of the day, Secretary MacVeagh's total estimate of appropriations for all branches of the Federal Government ($748,414,861) is over three millions in excess of the last estimate, although the latter included ten millions for the Census. The amount asked for Panama fortifications is nineteen and a half millions; about one hundred and twenty-eight millions are asked for naval expenditure.

THE BALLINGER REPORT

The majority of the Ballinger-Pinchot Investigating Committee have made their report. A summary of their conclusions has been published. As every one who has followed the case has almost from the first expected, the result of the investigation is a personal vindication of Mr. Ballinger. The report declares that in regard to the coal claims in Alaska his

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conduct is not justly censurable; that he was justified in revoking the Indian cooperative agreement; that his action regarding water power sites was taken in good faith; that he cannot be justly criticised for his administration of the Reclamation Service; that he is not an enemy to a reasonable and judicious policy of Conservation; and that there is nothing to justify the opinion that he is not a faithful and efficient public officer. As The Outlook has reported, with these conclusions a minority of the Committee consisting of all the Democratic members and one Republican are not in agreement. It should be remembered, however, that no charges of corruption have been brought against the Secretary. The real cause of the controversy which led to the investigation was the belief that Mr. Ballinger was not, as head of the Department of the Interior, efficiently guarding the public interest, and that he was so far out of sympathy with the Conservation policies in which the American people believed and to which the Republican party had committed itself as to be unfitted to carry those policies into execution. On this point The Outlook reached its conclusion and stated it last June. We see no reason for changing the opinion then expressed. Now, after investigation, the majority of the Committee, at the same time that they announce their opinion that Mr. Ballinger should be relieved of any stigma, reach a conclusion that, of itself, justifies the belief regarding Mr. Ballinger's unfitness for the great office he occupies. This conclusion is in direct issue with Mr. Ballinger on one of the fundamental questions of Conservation. While the Secretary in his recent report argues against the leasing of coal lands, the majority of the Committee state the following conclusion:

> Your Committee believes that it would be the height of unwisdom to permit the great coal-fields to be monopolized or gathered into the private ownership of a few for speculative purposes. As they increase in value the income should inure to the benefit of all the people. To bring about this result and at the same time put an end to the unreasonable condition now existing, your Committee recommends that the Government refuse to sell these lands, but that, retaining their ownership, it shall grant leases at fair royalties for periods limited but long enough, and covering areas large enough, to justify the necessary investments upon sound business principles, and thus secure the opening and operation of sufficient mines to meet the necessities of Alaskan consumption, afford relief from the present outrageous prices paid by consumers, and at the same time afford some revenue to the Government. We recommend legislation to that end, and that, pending such legislation, the existing withdrawal from entry of the Alaska coal lands be continued.

This is an emphatic statement, in outline, of the very policies concerning the preservation of the public domain which Mr. Ballinger's administration has imperiled. The New York "Journal of Commerce" is not chargeable with leanings toward impractical idealism or with sympathy for doctrinaires. That our readers may see how impressive this aspect of the majority report is, we quote from its columns. After contrasting with the Secretary's plan the recommendation of the Committee, the "Journal of Commerce" continues:

> This is substantially in accord with the Roosevelt-Pinchot policy, and not at all with that of Ballinger. With which President Taft is personally in sympathy appears in his brief reference to the matter in his Message. He refers to the Secretary's objections to the leasing plan and approves of his stating them at length, but says, "After a full consideration I favor a leasing system and recommend it." He had, in fact, committed himself to it without reserve in his speech at the St. Paul Conservation Congress.

In this difference of policy the "Journal of Commerce" sees "an illustration of the cause of the whole trouble in which Ballinger and the Administration have been involved over the Conservation policy inherited from the Roosevelt-Garfield régime regarding public lands." And it concludes that, whatever the evidence regarding Mr. Ballinger's honor and faithfulness, there was during the controversy "plenty of evidence brought out to show that if the Conservation policy established by the previous Administration was to be adhered to and consistently carried out, the wrong man had been appointed to the head of the department under which this was to be done." Whether this report will lead Mr. Ballinger to believe that it would be best to resign his office we do not know; but at least it gives assurance that the great wealth in the public lands

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cannot now be heedlessly handed over to private interests by the trustees of the people.

SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT AND THE TARIFF

Why not apply the principles of scientific management to the tariff, just as up-to-date manufacturers are doing in their factories? Well, they are being so applied, and last week, in his Chicago and New York speeches, they were outlined by Mr. Emery, Chairman of the Tariff Board. One might almost say that there is no Tariff Board in existence; certainly none was authorized by Congress. It simply authorized the President to appoint certain persons to aid him in applying the provisions of the tariff. To do so, these persons must find out certain facts. They are doing so. The "persons," so called, form a non-partisan body, and the facts they discover aid not only in applying the provisions of the present tariff, but—and this was a chief motive with the President when he wrung the concession from an unwilling Congress—in forming reasons for recommendations of tariff changes. As at present constituted, the Board has no powers of subpœna. It should have, and it should be made into a permanent Commission, to become a bureau of one of the Government departments. But even in its present status its efforts to collect data useful for a scientific tariff revision have met in general, we are glad to learn, with cordial co-operation from the producers and manufacturers from whom information has been requested. A great mass of facts has already been collected. This endeavor requires three sets of investigators of three different types. The first set collect the facts concerning each dutiable article which show the character and localization of its production at home and abroad, the statistics of its output, of imports and exports, and of rates of duty reduced to *ad valorem* terms. The second set of investigators collect data regarding cost of production at the mill. The third obtains information regarding the general condition of competition at home and abroad. While the work of the first set of investigators can be pushed rapidly, that of the second and third sets must, for the time being, be concentrated on a few main lines of inquiry and be carried on with caution. The lines on which the Tariff Board has concentrated its labors are the wool, paper, and farm products schedules. At the annual dinner last week in New York City of the American Association of Woolen and Worsted Manufacturers, Mr. Emery remarked that "the policy behind tariff legislation has been this: Whenever a man wants protection, give it to him and then let somebody else show us where he's wrong. All that is wrong, I say. If the man cannot show first why he should have protection, don't protect him." The wool-growers and the woolen manufacturers have made out no such case for themselves. The present tariff schedule on wool and woolens, as Mr. Taft has said, is indefensible. The Tariff Board's statistics, we do not doubt, will make it seem less defensible than ever. For if impartially collected information is essential to any understanding of the tariff, and if it forms a basis for fair judgment regarding tariff rates, and if it can be adequately secured—and it can be—then it must ultimately influence public opinion, and hence public policy. But why wait for the Tariff Board's report on a schedule so manifestly unfair as is the wool schedule? Congress already has sufficient information. Why not, then, take advantage of the President's sensible recommendation to revise one schedule at a time and revise the wool schedule now? By working overtime during the present short session members of Congress could accomplish this if they really wanted to do so.

NEW YORK'S SUBWAY PROBLEM

New York City's subway problem has suddenly become very much simplified, although at the same time, if the statement be not too paradoxical, it is a question whether the task of solving it right has become very much easier. To make the problem clear, a very little history must be reviewed. Ever since the present Subway was completed, the city has realized the need for additional rapid transit facilities. Various obstacles presented by legislative and financial restrictions delayed the matter for several years.

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But finally, when these had been removed, the Public Service Commission planned a new subway system, known as the Triborough Route. As the plans for this route became well advanced, the Interborough Company, operating the present Subway, proposed that the margin of credit which the city had available for subway construction should be used for the building of extensions to the present Subway system, rather than for the construction of a new system. The terms which the Interborough offered, however, were far from liberal. The Public Service Commission continued with the preparation of the plans of the Triborough Route, and a few months ago advertised for bids in two forms: first, for the construction and operation of the system; and, second, merely for the construction of the system by sections. No bids were received under the first plan, but under the second plan various bids were received. While these bids were under consideration by the Commission, Mr. William G. McAdoo, representing the company owning and operating the Hudson Tunnels, which connect New York City with New Jersey, and run north and south for a considerable distance under the city, made an offer to undertake the operation of the Triborough Route, provided certain changes were made in the plans for it. Mr. McAdoo offered to provide $50,000,000 for the equipment of the system when it had been built by the city (at a cost of about $100,000,000), and to divide the profits from the operation of the system equally between the company and the city. This offer was made on November 18, and about two weeks later the Interborough made a modified offer, astounding in its concessions in view of the assertions which had been made on the company's behalf in the past. The modified offer provided for the construction of a portion of the Triborough Route as extensions to the present system, together with other extensions, so that the resulting system would consist of two trunk subways—one down the East Side and the other down the West. Toward the cost of the construction and the equipment of these lines the city would be asked to contribute $53,000,000, while the Interborough would contribute $75,000,000. The entire profits from the new lines for the first five years would be given to the city, and after that the profits would be divided equally between the city and the company. The Interborough would also agree to operate any extensions to the system which the Commission might plan in the future, provided that if the operation of those extensions should prove unprofitable, the city should assume the deficit. The Interborough offer is, as we have said, astoundingly more liberal than its previous offers made before a competitor was in the field. In details, there are a number of differences between the McAdoo and the Interborough offers which will require careful study by experts to determine which is the better. The differences in route, in length of operating term, and in the financial provisions are matters in which the expert judgment of the Public Service Commission will be much more valuable than the opinion of the public or the press. But even a layman can appreciate that the financial returns (and therefore the city's share of the profits) from extensions of an existing system cannot be so large as the returns from a new trunk line. But there are involved in the two offers two fundamentally opposed principles of rapid transit development, the decision between which must be made on broad grounds of public policy.

MONOPOLY OR COMPETITION?

In deciding between the McAdoo offer and the Interborough offer, the real question before New York City is: Shall the city in its future rapid transit development adopt the principle of monopoly, or the principle of competition? Shall New York establish now the principle that it will develop its transit facilities as a single great monopoly, with the advantages of a unified system, but with the inevitable drawbacks and evils of monopoly modified only by such regulation as the Public Service Commission can administer? Or shall the city adopt the principle of two or more great competing transit systems, with the disadvantage of separate systems, but with the undoubted advantages which regulation secures reinforced by those advantages which only competition

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can secure? And this question must be decided now, once and for all, in so far at least as the next generation is concerned. It has been difficult enough already to find a single competitive bidder for the operation of proposed new subways. If the decision is now made in favor of monopoly, finding a competitive bidder in the future for any new system will be immeasurably harder. On the side of monopoly is the great advantage of a single comprehensive system, with a single five-cent rate of fare between any two points on it, with free transfers between the various lines making it up. This is an advantage which cannot be ignored. On the side of competition is the advantage of a powerful influence operating constantly to secure improvement of service, added facilities, and, in general, better treatment for the traveling public. Strict and enlightened regulation, such as is provided by the Public Service Commission, can accomplish wonders even with a recalcitrant monopoly. But there are many things which regulation cannot accomplish and which competition can. Regulation must, by its very nature, be a corrective. But the competition of a powerful rival acts not only as a corrective, but as an incentive to liberal and generous treatment. As an example, the Public Service Commission has done much to improve the service on the present Subway, but even since the latest Interborough offer has been made it has appeared that that company has neglected to provide the facilities ordered by the Commission and has thereby greatly inconvenienced the traveling public. In addition to the value of competition in the improvement of service and facilities, it has unquestioned value in securing the construction of new lines and in liberalizing the terms under which the operation of new lines will be undertaken. The Interborough Company for months asserted with fervor that there were very narrow limits beyond which it could not go in the construction and operation of extensions, but its assertions were dissipated to the winds as soon as the competitive offer of Mr. McAdoo was made. The advantageous offer which the Interborough has now made is itself an example of the use of competition. Whatever may be the solution of the present Subway problem, New York City owes a great debt to Mr. McAdoo and his associates for their offer. It was only the club which they thus put in the hands of the city which forced the Interborough into its outburst of liberality. And, whichever plan is now adopted, New York will need more subways within a very brief space of time. How will the city fare in its efforts to provide these new transit facilities with competition eliminated? A decision against competition now will greatly lessen, if it does not destroy, the chances of offers of competition in the future. Finally, there is one consideration that should not be lost sight of in comparing the two offers. The history of the Interborough Company up to the present moment has been such as to create the presumption that, under its management, the public interests will be invariably subordinated to its private interest. The history of the McAdoo Company has established the presumption that, in anything which it does, its managers will put the public interest first. Mr. McAdoo and his associates have sought to give the public all that they could in facilities, comfort, and convenience. The Interborough Company has been willing to give the public only what it was actually compelled to give. The Interborough Company has shown the community that on the properties which it manages the community must fight for its rights. The McAdoo Company has convinced the city that on its lines the community need not even ask for its rights; they will be given freely and generously.

MRS. EDDY

With the death of Mrs. Eddy, "discoverer and founder of Christian Science," there came to an end, on December 3, an extraordinary career. Until she was forty years old she was an obscure, nervous, hysterical, exacting woman, who, when the mood was on her, had to be carried up and down stairs and rocked in a huge cradle. At sixty she was the leader of a new and small sect. In her ninetieth year, when she died, she was the dictator of an organization comprising (according to the report of H. K.

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Carroll, late Special Agent of the United States Census Office, published in 1909) about eighty-five thousand communicants in the United States, consisting of six or seven hundred branches, maintaining a number of costly church edifices, and influencing indirectly the mental processes of thousands upon thousands of non-adherents. Indeed, she enlarged the popular vocabulary by at least one phrase—Christian Science—and pressed some psychologists, physicians, and ministers into the consideration of mental therapy. There are a great many factors in such a career. Among them may be counted the receptivity of the American mind to religious novelties (as witness Mormonism, Shakerism, Dowieism), the ripeness of America for a reaction from mere materialism, the native talent of the founder for meeting emergencies, the preparation for a health-cult by a number of moderately successful experimenters. The most pronounced practical factor, however, was the relief Christian Science brought to household after household. In every village may be found the person, usually a woman, around whom some possibly minor ailment has wrapped a cloud of depression. To such a person Christian Science comes with the message that pain, disease, and death are non-existent. When once, after sufficient repetition, that idea becomes fixed in such a person's mind, the cloud of depression vanishes, and a grateful family acknowledges the power of Christian Science. Gratitude to the one who supplies such power is the secret of the loyalty of Christian Scientists to her whom they call Mother. Upon this gratitude the organization of the Christian Science Church has been built. The demands which Mrs. Eddy made upon her followers were, on the whole, cheerfully, even eagerly, complied with; they involved the purchase of her book "Science and Health," at a high price, with the issue of each new revision, the singing of hymns composed by her, the substitution of the public reading of her writings in place of a sermon, the elimination of ministers and pastors from the church organization, and the subordination of all important executive action to her personal approval. So complete was her domination of the organization that, now that she is dead, it is not clear just how the Christian Science Church can legally manage its affairs. So thoroughly did Mrs. Eddy act upon the doctrine that disease and death are non-existent that apparently she made no provision, and her followers looked for no provision, for the performance by any one else of the functions which she had reserved to herself. Her death was preceded by many months of seclusion, during which she was, there is reason to believe, very feeble. Just before her death she was ill, probably of pneumonia—or, as her followers state it, "in error"—for about ten days. In her case, as in the case of all human flesh, death—that is, "error"—finally prevailed. Mrs. Eddy's belief that certain malevolent people had the power to bewitch their enemies, or, as she expressed it, use upon them "malicious animal magnetism," was a source of fear to her; but by some it may be resorted to now as an explanation of her demise. There is no reason for believing that Christian Science will dissolve with the disappearance of its leader; but there is reason for believing that it will not grow as it has grown in the past. It appeals to a comparatively limited class of people; it is essentially an appeal to the desire for personal comfort, and is not, as every widely propagating form of Christianity must be, a religion of service.

ARTS AND LETTERS: THE AMERICAN ACADEMY AND THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE

The two days' session of the American Academy of Arts and Letters and the National Institute of Arts and Letters in the New Theater, in New York, on Thursday and Friday of last week, brought together a large company of men of distinction in painting, sculpture, music, architecture, and literature. The first public meeting of the two organizations was held in Washington last year. The Institute, as The Outlook explained to its readers some time ago, was founded by the American Social Science Association, and numbers about two hundred men in the different arts. The Academy, chosen by ballot from the members of the Institute, is limited in number to fifty. Mr. Howells, President of the Academy, defined the scope of the two institutions

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in his opening address, and tactfully and modestly disclaimed any assumption of authority by either organization other than that possessed by its individual members as the fruit of individual production. He said that the Academicians had been chosen from members of the Institute in order to "more succinctly represent to the country what had been accomplished in literature, in music, in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture," and added:

> So far as the disinterested will of either the Institute or the Academy could effect the end in view, this Academy is representative. It is possible that, by an oversight, which we should all deplore, some artist or author or composer whose work has given him the right to be of us is not of us. It is also possible that time will decide that some of us who are now here were not worthy to be here, and by this decision we must abide. But until it is rendered, we will suffer with what meekness, what magnanimity we may, the impeachments of those contemporaries who may question our right to be here.

At the morning session on Thursday, Mr. John Bigelow, who recently celebrated his ninety-third birthday, read a charming paper of reminiscences of Alexandre Dumas the elder—intimate, personal, and not lacking in touches of humor. Mr. William C. Brownell, who followed Mr. Bigelow, presented the subject of criticism with a thoroughness of analysis and a competency of treatment which would have given distinction to any assemblage of men of letters. Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler interested and delighted his audience, and at the same time gave them food for thought, in his discussion of "The Revolt of the Unfit: Reflections on the Doctrine of Evolution," with pertinent suggestions on present social unrest. Mr. Alden's mystical treatment of "The Living Past in the Living Present" was read by Professor Sloane. At the conclusion of the programme the gold medal of the National Institute, given annually for work of distinction in some field of art or letters, was presented to James Ford Rhodes, the historian, by Dr. van Dyke, the President of the Institute. At the afternoon session Dr. Damrosch entertained the audience by a very freehand drawing of the tired American business man, the "T. B. M.," as he called him, as an illuminating episode in his discussion of "Music and the Americans." Mr. Percy Mackaye, the dramatist and poet, had some suggestive things to say about "The Worker in Poetry;" and Mr. Garland made a rapid survey of the development of "Local Color as the Vital Element of American Fiction." Mr. Lorado Taft, of Chicago, who has not only practiced the art of sculpture with distinguished success, but is the author of an admirable "History of American Sculpture," discussed some recent tendencies in sculpture. At the morning session on Friday, after the reading by Mr. Matthews, Mr. Sloane, and Mr. Mabie of a series of commemorative papers on members of the Academy who have died during the last few years, Dr. Furness read from "Henry V," and closed the session, begun by Mr. Bigelow, with the distinction which a man of intellectual eminence, ripe age, and charming personality lends to such an occasion. New York has never before seen at one time so many men of eminence in the various arts; and their appearance on the same platform is, it is to be hoped, prophetic of the united influence for the cultivation of American taste and the advancement of American art which the Institute and the Academy will be able to exert in the future.

WILLIAM PRYOR LETCHWORTH

While still in his prime, Mr. Letchworth, who died on the 1st of December in Portage, New York, prepared two valuable volumes on "The Care of the Insane in Foreign Countries" and "The Care of Epileptics." On his beautiful estate at Glen Iris he erected an old Indian council-house, brought from one of the reservations, and made of it a museum for Indian relics, open to the public, thus helping to interest the people in their aboriginal neighbors. But it is not chiefly for these things that he will be remembered. Giving up an active and successful business career while still a young man that he might consecrate himself to the service of his fellows, he chose the most needy for his undivided care—the prisoner, the insane, the epileptic, little children in almshouses—the most helpless and almost the most hopeless of the wards of the State. From none of them could he hope to receive appreciation for his efforts in their behalf,

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scarcely even their gratitude. He did not seek the praise of men. With absolute devotion he worked for these dependents during the many years he was a member of the State Board of Charities—ten as its President—and long before he died he had the immense satisfaction of seeing the prisoner placed under better conditions, the insane brought under State care, the epileptics gathered into an excellent colony, and the little children taken from almshouses. There was nothing dramatic in these reforms. They were not spectacular. They called forth no plaudits from the crowd. They brought no emoluments. He never even allowed the State to pay his traveling expenses. They were accomplished by plain hard work on the part of Mr. Letchworth chiefly, and the public-spirited men and women engaged with him in bringing them about. The honor and gratitude which the unhappy insane and the little children cannot express must be acknowledged by the people of the State of which he was so faithful a citizen. It was not, however, the wretched alone who absorbed his thought. At the same time that he was caring for the needy in body and mind he was making plans for the happiness and well-being of those able and free to walk abroad on this goodly earth—plans which culminated in the creation of the noble park of a thousand acres of forest and meadow, upland and valley, which before his death he gave as a recreation ground for the public.

THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE FOR MEDICAL RESEARCH

The death last week in New York City of Dr. Christian A. Herter, who had been identified with the work of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research from its beginning, makes it of timely interest to point out the great promise of benefit to mankind contained in this work, his part in which will be Dr. Herter's lasting memorial. While the laboratory of the Institute has been open for several years, the completion of the hospital with a permanent endowment gives to the United States probably the best equipped institution for the study of the causes and cure of disease to be found anywhere in the world. The need of an institution devoted to medical research which should rank with the best in Europe has long been felt by scientific men and by the leaders of the medical profession throughout the country. It was in 1901 that Mr. Rockefeller first directed his philanthropic efforts to this field with a gift of $200,000, to be used in the form of grants for the conduct of special investigations to be carried on by scientists in different parts of the country. In the following year he gave $1,000,000 for the erection of the laboratory building which now faces the East River at the foot of East Sixty-seventh Street, New York. As the need for a hospital in connection with the laboratory became manifest, an additional $620,000 was provided for its erection. To these earlier grants has since been added $6,420,000 as an endowment fund, making a total of $8,240,000 which Mr. Rockefeller has devoted to this purpose. This is a princely sum, but it is none too great for the needs of this tremendous problem of combating, controlling, and eliminating disease. The great advances in the struggle against disease in the past fifty years have been made chiefly through study and experiment expended upon the lower animals. This is work for which the average practitioner or the medical school instructor ordinarily has neither the time nor the necessary equipment. It is an expensive process, and one from which no monetary return can be drawn, for the unwritten law of scientific endeavor holds that discoveries in the field of medical research must be given free for the protection of the well or the relief of the afflicted. Already in the brief period of its activities the Rockefeller Institute has vindicated its existence by a single one of its important additions to our weapons against infectious disease. In the brief period during which the anti-meningitis serum has been in use it has saved hundreds of persons from the dreaded affliction of cerebro-spinal meningitis, which so often cripples its victims in mind or body when it does not destroy them utterly. This is by no means the sum of the achievements of the Rockefeller Institute, for they include many valuable contributions to medicine and surgery; but this one is mentioned merely as a single discovery, the value of which

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is widely appreciated. The new hospital will greatly increase the facilities for the study of disease, for its patients, limited to seventy, will be selected from those suffering from the particular afflictions which are the subject of study by the Institute workers. In the general city hospital the necessity for handling all sorts of cases, the rush and overcrowding that frequently prevail, make quite impossible that painstaking observation and weighing of every possible factor in the origin and progress of a given disease which are required for the scientific working out of the means of prevention or cure. This the Rockefeller Institute will be able to give, with its small number of patients all suffering from one disease, or, at most, from a very few diseases. This gives promise of adding to the brilliant achievements already recorded by the workers of the great institution, and of helping to lighten still further the burden of suffering borne by afflicted humanity.

A GREAT FOUNDER

The citizens of Savannah have recently unveiled a statue of James Edward Oglethorpe, one of the founders of the American commonwealth, and one of the most interesting figures in the early history of the colonies. Oglethorpe was a soldier, a philanthropist, and a colonist. He entered Parliament in 1722, and his attention was speedily drawn to the abuse of prisoners in the debtors' prisons. He urged the matter upon Parliament, was made chairman of a committee of investigation, and what he learned in this investigation led to the formation of a colonial scheme as a relief to insolvent debtors. Ten years later a charter granting a tract of land in America between the Altamaha and Savannah Rivers, to be called "Georgia" in honor of King George II, was obtained; money was liberally subscribed; a Parliament grant was secured; Oglethorpe was appointed Governor, and sailed with one hundred and twenty colonists to found what is now the city of Savannah. Of this community Oglethorpe was for nine years an active and far-seeing leader. He had already shown his courage as a soldier; he was a man of fine education; he soon showed himself a practical administrator. The colonists who went with Oglethorpe were men, for the most part, of high character, the victims of one of those oppressive and barbarous laws which survived from an earlier period. Oglethorpe arrested the tide of Spanish colonization, and showed a sense of responsibility to the Indians who could not protect themselves which was rare in the early history of the continent and has been rare in its later history. He established religious liberty, and made Georgia a refuge for all men persecuted for conscience' sake. Southey said of Oglethorpe's colony that none was ever devised or established upon principles more honorable to its founder. It was his spirit which held the door open to the Wesleys and to Whitefield, whose visit to the colonies left a permanent impress on the religious life of the Nation. Georgia has done well to honor a founder of such generosity and breadth of vision.

THE GROWTH OF THE NATION

There is something delightfully satisfying in round numbers; and one cannot but take pleasure in the announcement made the other day that the United States has in population passed the one-hundred-million mark. When we descend to particulars, to be sure, we find that it is necessary to include the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico to fill out the number; but over them also the American flag flies. The exact figures given by the Census Bureau, including the possessions above named, are 103,992,757; while the population of the United States proper, including Alaska and Hawaii, is 93,471,648—a gain in ten years of over seventeen millions of people. It may be noted, also, that the percentage of gain for the country at large has been greater for the last ten years than for the ten years preceding. This is rather surprising than otherwise; for when a country becomes well settled the percentage of gain naturally decreases. Thus, in this country from 1840 to 1850 the percentage of gain was over thirty-five, while from 1890 to 1900 it was only a little over twenty; yet the present census will, it is thought, be more than twenty-two per cent, as compared with that of ten years ago. This Nation is

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very much larger, so far as the number of its people goes, than any European country—twice as large, for instance, as France—and it is surpassed only by China and India, and by Russia if both European and Asiatic Russia are included in one. Speculative statisticians venture to predict that by 1950 the population of the United States will surpass two hundred millions, and the estimate is not at all unreasonable.

THE FLEXIBILITY OF LAW

We publish on another page, from the President of Chicago University, a letter on the New Nationalism which we recommend to the careful consideration of our thoughtful readers. The question how the written Constitution is to be regarded, and on what principle it is to be interpreted, and what are the actual legal effects of such interpretations, is one on which there are wide differences of opinion among students of Constitutional law. We make here no attempt to reply to Dr. Judson's able presentation of what may be called a conservative view. We simply present our own view, and leave our readers to compare the two and decide for themselves how far these opinions agree and how far they differ.

In our judgment, then, the real Constitution of the United States, the Constitution under which we are living, the Constitution to which the decisions of all our subordinate courts must conform, the Constitution to which all legislative acts, whether State or National, are subject, is not the written Constitution which was formed in 1787. It is that written Constitution *plus* the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States interpreting and applying it, and the habit of the Nation which has grown up under it. The Outlook has been criticised for talking about the written Constitution as though there were any other. There is another; and in its binding force on the American people this other Constitution is quite as important as the written document.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided by a majority of one that an income tax was Constitutional. Then one judge changed his mind and the Supreme Court decided that an income tax was unconstitutional. It is now unquestioned, or at least unquestionable, that an income tax cannot Constitutionally be levied by Congress upon the people of the United States. What makes such a tax unconstitutional is the Supreme Court's decision, interpreting the written Constitution. What made the Supreme Court's decision, interpreting the written Constitution, is the decision of the one judge who changed his mind. Chief Justice Marshall, by his decisions interpreting the written Constitution, probably did quite as much to make the real Constitution under which we live as did Alexander Hamilton or James Madison in the Constitutional Convention. Marshall's decision that a charter granted by a State is a contract, and that such a contract cannot be broken by the Legislature; his decision that the navigable waterways are highways that belong to the Nation, and that no monopoly can be given upon them by the State; his decision that the true and authoritative interpretation of the Constitution is the Supreme Court of the United States, not the individual State—these and similar decisions are as truly a part of our present Constitution as any clause written into it by its original framers. If one wishes to know what the Constitution of the United States really is, he must have before him not merely the original document, he must have that document as it has been interpreted and applied by the Supreme Court of the United States, as those interpretations and applications are given by such a work, for example, as Professor Thayer's "Cases on Constitutional Law."

Nor is the Constitution under which we live made merely by these judicial decisions; it is made by the habit of the Nation. When Chief Justice Marshall announced the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States that the Court had power to determine authoritatively whether a legislative act is Constitutional, the decision was not at first universally accepted. It was vehemently rejected by President Jefferson. What has made it a part of the Constitution under which we live is the fact that it has been since accepted by the people of the United States,

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who, by no Constitutional amendment and by no legislative enactment, but simply by a habit of acquiescence, have recognized this power in the courts. President Polk denied that Congress has Constitutional power to make internal improvements by appropriations from the National treasury. No such power is in explicit terms conferred upon Congress. But the people, by their acquiescence in the Acts of Congress making such appropriations, have practically conferred that power upon it, and no one now would practically question the Constitutionality of such legislation.

To express our conviction in a sentence, Thomas Carlyle was wrong when he said that a written constitution cannot grow, and Mr. Justice Spring, of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, was right when he said that "our written Constitution has marched to the tune of progress, and with but few changes in its original form."

This faith of The Outlook is based upon a broader and more general principle—the principle that in a democratic community law is not a fixed and determinate tradition, but a mobile and growing science of social relations.

In an autocratic or oligarchical community, law is the will of the superior enforced upon the subjects of the government through penalty. In a self-governing community, law is the expressed will of the community. That community will finds expression sometimes through constitutional conventions, sometimes through legislative acts, sometimes through judicial decisions; but, in either case, it is law because it is the expressed and formulated will of the community. It is not only true that the real Constitution of the United States is the original document *plus* the body of interpretations which has grown up about it and the habit of the Nation which has been developed under it, it is also true that so technical a document as the practice code of the State of New York is really the written code *plus* the decisions of the courts interpreting and applying that code, and the practice of the courts under that code. The lawyer does not know the code unless he knows this body of official interpretation of its meaning and application.

What is true of Constitutional law and statute law is equally true of the common law. The common law is not an inflexible rule established by ancient authority, to which all modern courts must conform. That is not its origin, nor its end. The common law is a creation of the courts, and the modern judges are to carry on that process of creation by adapting to modern conditions the principles of social justice, as their predecessors on the bench adapted to previous conditions the principles of social justice.

Law originates in the custom of a people. When that custom becomes sufficiently established, it gets recognition from a judicial tribunal. When it gets that recognition, it becomes law. It is made law, not by an authoritatively proclaimed edict, but by an authoritative recognition of a national sentiment or a national custom. Says Sir Henry Sumner Maine in his work on "Ancient Law:" "It is certain that in the infancy of mankind no sort of legislature, not even a distinct author of law, is contemplated or conceived of. Law has scarcely reached the footing of custom; it is rather a habit. It is, to use a French phrase, 'in the air.' The only authoritative statement of right and wrong is a judicial sentence after the fact, not one presupposing a law which has been violated, but one which is breathed for the first time by a higher power into the judge's mind at the moment of adjudication." These decisions of the court, authoritatively interpreting the will of the nation, save the individual, as Sir Henry Maine goes on to explain, from what might otherwise be the caprice of a despot, and, we may add, from the caprice of a democracy and a political or financial oligarchy.

A writer in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" gives in a paragraph an account of the way in which the commercial law of England was thus built up by the decisions of a single judge:

> The common law, as it existed before his time, was really inadequate to cope with the new cases and customs which arose with the increasing development of commerce. The facts were left with the jury to decide as best they might, and no principle was ever extracted from them which might serve as a guide in subsequent cases. Lord Mansfield found the law in this chaotic

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state, and left it in a form which was almost equivalent to a code. Working patiently with the Guildhall juries, whom he trained to act in thorough understanding with him, he defined almost every principle that governed commercial transactions in such a manner that his successors had only to apply the rules he had laid down. . . . A similar influence was exerted by him in other branches of the law; and, although, after his retirement, a reaction took place and he was regarded for a while as one who had corrupted the ancient principles of English law, these prejudices passed rapidly away, and the value of his work in bringing the older law in harmony with the needs of modern society has long been fully recognized.

How far Dr. Judson would agree with the principles laid down in this editorial we are not sure; but we are sure that the difference between The Outlook and some of its critics is very radical. We frankly recognize the radicalness of that difference, and accept all the conclusions that may be drawn from our fundamental position. That position is, we repeat, that law ought to be mobile, and, to a certain extent, fluctuating. It ought to be pre-eminently, in a democracy, a progressive science. From the traditions of the past we are to gain wisdom to guide us in the future, but we do not gain wisdom to guide us in the future if we impose these traditions on the present without regard to changed circumstances. The essential rights of person and property are always the same, but the measures for the protection of those rights are not always the same. New conditions create both new duties and new crimes. Forgery was impossible until writing became common. Embezzlement was impossible until trusts were created. The injustice which takes children from the nursery and sets them to work in the factory and the mine, at the peril of life and limb, was unknown until the factory system came into existence. The duty of protecting persons and property made it the duty of the legislatures and the courts to punish forgery and embezzlement and to prohibit child labor. The right of private contract is a valuable right, not to be disregarded. But the Supreme Court of the United States has in no recent decision shown a clearer recognition of modern conditions than in its decision that a State has a right, in the exercise of its police powers, to limit the hours of labor which wives and mothers may agree, by their contracts, to render in organized industry. The sacredness of the home is not to be sacrificed to the right of contract. The principle that an employer should not be held liable in damages for an injury to one of his employees caused by the carelessness of another employee was based on the fundamental principle that no man should be held responsible for injuries which no reasonable care and caution on his part could prevent, nor for injuries produced by the carelessness of another. If two laborers were grinding a scythe, it was easier for John to protect himself from the carelessness of Thomas than for the farmer who employed them to protect either from the carelessness of the other. "Where," said the courts, "several persons are employed in the conduct of one common enterprise or undertaking, and the safety of each depends to a great extent on the care and skill with which each other shall perform his appropriate duty, each is generally an observer of the conduct of the others, can give notice of any misconduct, incapacity, or neglect of duty, and leave the service if the common employer will not take such precautions and employ such agents as the safety of the whole party may require."

But when the employer is a great railway corporation and the two employees concerned are a locomotive engineer and a switch-tender, it is not true that the engineer can guard against the carelessness of the switch-tender. The conditions which existed under private employment are reversed. It is easier for the superintendent of the railway to protect the engineer from the carelessness of the switch-tender than for the engineer to protect himself. The responsibility is therefore shifted from the engineer to the railway corporation. And if the legislature and the courts are to administer the law in the spirit in which it was administered by those great jurists Lord Mansfield and Chief Justice Marshall, they should recognize the changed circumstances produced by modern conditions and, applying the same principle which made the employer exempt from responsibility for the carelessness of his employee in the old, unorganized industries, should make the employer responsible for the

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carelessness of his employee in the new, highly organized industry.

To ascertain by a study of the books what are the precedents which courts have set by their decisions in times past, and then apply them to times present without any recognition of the changed conditions, is not the function of law courts in modern civilization. Their function is to deduce from the experience of the past the fundamental principles of social justice and apply them to the conditions of modern times. To turn back to the written Constitution, formulated over one hundred and twenty years ago, and attempt to limit the National life within the letter of that document, is to misread alike the object of the written Constitution and the function of the court. The fundamental principles in that written Constitution cannot be changed except by a vote of the people. But there is room for an almost unlimited growth of National development in the free reading and free interpretation of the principles embodied in that document to the real life of the Nation, grown from thirteen States to forty-six, from a strip along the Atlantic coast to a territory extending from ocean to ocean, and from a population of three or four millions to one approximating one hundred millions.

RAILWAY EFFICIENCY

Letters to The Outlook, personal comment to its editors, and editorial discussion in the daily press indicate that the article on railway rates which appeared in The Outlook of last week from the pen of Mr. Walker D. Hines, of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway Company, touches a subject much more profound and of much more vital interest to the entire country than the mere question as to whether the Inter-State Commerce Commission shall permit a group of railways in a particular section of the United States to increase their rates for transportation.

The railways are to-day under the dominant influence of four great forces which unfortunately are often conflicting forces—the owners, the customers, the organized laborers, and the officers of Government. The question that is deeper than rates is how to harmonize these four forces and make them work in co-operation for the common welfare and progress of the country.

In a recent address, admirable in its spirit and instructive in its statement of facts, Mr. Daniel Willard, President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, quoted the dictum of Lord Bacon, "There be three things which make a country great and prosperous—a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for men and things from one place to another." Mr. Willard points out that the American railway system, representing an investment of fourteen billions of dollars, comprising two hundred and thirty-six thousand miles of main line track, doing a business of two and a half billion dollars annually, directly employing one and a half millions of men and furnishing employment indirectly to two millions more, furnishes the means of easy conveyance which Lord Bacon defines as one of the three essentials of prosperity, and therefore it ought to be expected that the country should look upon railway men as men "who deserve well of their day and generation. But," adds Mr. Willard, "what are the facts?" His answer is that "an apparent general distrust is felt of those now largely in control of or responsible for the operation of the roads," and he believes that no substantial or lasting progress can be made towards the removal of this distrust and antagonism until all the interested parties are "ready and willing to accept the truth if it can be found, and then act accordingly." This is sound doctrine. By all means let us get at the truth.

In our judgment, the distrust of American railways by the people at large is not due primarily to over-capitalization, to overcharges, to undisputed instances of overbearing administration, or to overswollen fortunes made from unjust if not illegal manipulation of railway properties. The distrust is founded upon the belief that in the past railway men as a class have not sought the truth with a determination to act upon it, but have fought the truth regarding the social and economic relations of the railway. Railway managers of the type which Mr. Willard represents to-day cordially accept the principle of Government regulation, the abolition of rebates, the withdrawal of the

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railways from the practice of legislative lobbying, and the enforcement by law of the use of safety appliances, such as air brakes and couplers on freight trains. But all these reforms when they were first introduced were persistently and bitterly fought by many, if not most, of the influential railway men of the country. Is it surprising that the public should wonder whether it may not be necessary to force the doctrine of efficiency upon the attention of the railways by some external authority like that of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, just as it has been necessary to force upon their attention by legislative authority the desirability of regulation, of the abolition of rebates, and of the extension of safety appliances?

On the other hand, the public ought to understand that "the doctrine of efficiency" is not like a prescription which can be put up in a concrete form and taken in specified doses. Even if it is true that the railways, instead of increasing rates, can ultimately reduce them, by applying modern methods of scientific management, they have two serious obstacles to face. One is the obstacle of time, and the other that of organized labor. On another page we publish a letter by Mr. Hines dwelling upon these two elements of difficulty, and we admit that they are very real.

Under our present industrial system, with capital and the employing class thoroughly organized, The Outlook believes in the organization of labor. It believes that the trade union idea has been of enormous value in the material, physical, and moral progress of the wage-worker. To abolish the trade union, or the principle of collective bargaining, without substituting something better in its place, would be folly. Yet if it is true that the leaders of the trade unions are actively opposed to the profit-sharing principle, which is one of the essential elements of Mr. Frederick W. Taylor's philosophy of efficiency, then all we can say is that the labor unions must be regulated, either from within or from without, exactly as the railways are being regulated. The Outlook believes in the Church as an institution, but opposes reactionary ecclesiasticism as an enemy of the true function of the Church. So it believes in the trade union, but opposes the attempt of reactionary leaders in the union to keep all members on a plane of equal output and equal earning power as contrary to the real function of the union, so far as pay is concerned, which is to establish a minimum standard below which wages shall not fall. On a war basis the unions are right; but a war basis for industry cannot be permanently accepted.

In other words, the railways are to be run, not for the benefit of any one class of the community, but in the interest of the whole community; and if any one class—stockholder, shipper, Government officer, or labor unionist—is obstructing the progress of this community interest, we join with Mr. Willard in desiring to know the truth.

EMERSON IN THE MAKING

It is singular that a personality so lacking in temperament as Emerson should be so interesting. He felt his lack of vivacity and ardor, and called it "thinness of constitution." It was due in part, no doubt, to the extreme frugality of living practiced by a family in the members of which physical wants were reduced to a minimum, and intellectual and spiritual needs given the largest possible range. The Emerson children are the inheritors of a kind of Puritan asceticism, and more than one student of Ralph Waldo's character and thought has felt moral cleanness in him which seems to be instinctive; as if in his case, as in the case of Phillips Brooks, the fight with evil impulse and temptation—the devil within and without—had been fought to a finish by ancestors of persistent moral aspiration, and their descendants had been set free to inspire and illumine others still in the thick of the struggle. It may be suspected that Emerson's defective sense of evil in the world was due to the fact that he knew so little about sin.

In spite, however, of the lack of warmth and color and the absence of the dramatic quality in his nature and work, Emerson is deeply interesting; his thought was elusive but not spectral, and there was a

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kind of radiance about him that made him luminous, however perplexing his utterance might be at the moment. There is a touch of banter, it may be suspected, in Dr. Furness's naïve hope that Providence would throw light on some passages which eluded him in a recent essay of Emerson's.

The Correspondence[1] between the two friends is full of affection and generous recognition, and shows Emerson's constancy and tenderness. Dr. Furness was not only a man of rare intellectual distinction, but of a moral purity which clarified his intellect and made him a spiritual kinsman of Emerson. It was a lifelong friendship between equals which has left a lasting impress in this volume. As the two friends became old there is no decay of affection, but the kind of sublimation possible only to rare spirits. Emerson's eagerness to serve Carlyle and his patient and tireless practical effort to bring him to the knowledge of American readers form a very pleasant chapter in this book of literary friendships.

The additional volumes of selections from Emerson's Journal[2] cover the period from 1833 to 1838—the years in which he formed himself, so to speak. At the beginning his point of view is already defined, but he does not wholly comprehend the nature of the task which his vision was to impose on him, nor has he caught the rhythm of his style. His preoccupation with the moral order of things was shown in the comment on Byron with which the volume opens: "A man of dreadful history, who left no brighter genius behind him than is gone, and no such blasphemer of heaven and pander to sensuality." Tennyson, meantime, was hearing nothing save that Byron was dead, and feeling that the world had suddenly been smitten with emptiness! The immaturity of Emerson's critical judgment is brought out by his statement that Byron's lyre had but "one sublime note, and it was hatred." He seems not to have heard the note of love of liberty, the passionate response to the beauty of the sea, in Byron's poetry. When Clay died, the Journal records the passage of another great spirit "gone, like Byron's, over the unvoyageable gulf, another contemner of moral distinctions, to the award of the Divinity who set those distinctions, and not the less created the genius which defied them."

The doctrine of the Oversoul which Emerson was to present with such eloquence in prose and verse had already laid hold on his imagination:

> That ancient doctrine that a human soul is but a larger or less emanation from the Infinite soul is so agreeable to our imagination that something like this has always been a cherished part of popular belief. . . . Man is but the poor organ through which the breath of Him is blown; a pipe on which stops are sounded of strange music. A torch not lighted for itself. Yet these, such is the mystery of Free Will, turn on the hand that feeds them, blaspheme the spirit that in them blasphemes. Byron, who partook richest of Divinity, foully ridicules the virtues practised to obey Him. Clay scorns the laws which bind all God's creatures.

The immaturity of Emerson's style appears in his characterization, at the age of twenty-two, of the Sabbath:

> The Sabbath is a respite from the importunacy of passion, from the dangerous empire of human anxieties; a pious armistice in the warfare of the world, a point of elevation like the Pisgah of the man of God, an observatory whence we measure backward the wilderness we have traversed, and forward the interval that is yet to be trodden by us ere the solemn shadows descend upon our path, beyond which the magnificence of other worlds is towering into the distance.

Compare with this heavy-handed manner the beauty of phrase with which, many years later, in "Works and Days," he gave the meaning of the day an interpretation as eloquent in form as it was in thought: "In solitude and in the country, what dignity distinguishes the holy time! The old Sabbath, or Seventh Day, white with the religions of unknown thousands of years, when this hallowed hour dawns out of the deep, . . . the cathedral music of history breathes through a psalm to our solitude."

His definition of style is interesting: "A man's style is his intellectual voice, only in part under his control. It has its own proper tone and manner, which, when

[1] Records of a Lifelong Friendship—1807–1882. Ralph Waldo Emerson and William Henry Furness. Edited by H. H. F. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

[2] Emerson's Journals. Vols. III and IV, 1833–1838. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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he is not thinking of it, it will always assume. He can mimic the voice of others, he can modulate it with the occasion and the passion, but it has its own individual nature." Individuality and modulation were to come to Emerson later; in the years recorded in these volumes his manner was still stiff and awkward, and only at rare intervals showed the luminous quality it was later to reveal in its happiest moments.

Fearlessness and natural piety were as characteristic of Emerson's youth as of his maturity, and a great and calamitous blunder would have been avoided by many honest but timid worshipers if they had shared his wide vision of faith:

> The Religion that is afraid of science dishonors God and commits suicide. It acknowledges that it is not equal to the whole of truth, that it legislates, tyrannizes over a village of God's empire, but is not the immutable universal law. Every influx of atheism, of skepticism, is thus made useful, as a mercury pill, assaulting and removing a diseased religion and making way for truth, and itself is presently purged into the draught. . . . Keep the soul always turned to God. Nothing so vast but feel that he contains it. If your idea of him is dim or perplexed, pray and think and act more. It is the education of the soul. It is the sure way of individual increase. Sincerity is always holy and always strong. Come good or ill, the pure in heart are in the right way. And presently and often, you shall be rewarded with clearer perception, the sense of more intimate communion. Dear friendship or solitary piety is often conscious that God's approbation rests upon it.

In these years of devout study and meditation Emerson was not only finding himself, but getting pith, point, and penetration into his style. This passage, written in 1828, shows that he had gotten on the inside of many things which were often seen from the outside:

> Boston, October 21, 1831.
>
> People . . . talk with a sneer of those who comfort themselves for the evils of life by an imaginary heaven; and they rightly ridicule them who thus do. But Christians do it not. Their heaven is prophesied in their virtuous purpose, and begins in their first deliberate virtuous action, and is established in their virtuous habit. It is not a false or imaginary heaven. . . . Every man, as far as his virtue goes, says it is good; he cleaves to it amidst his wickedness, blasphemy, scoffing, and stupidity. He gets credit for it, he loves it, he does not abhor himself because of it—of this grain of antidote to his evils. Take it out and he would hang himself. . . .

THE SPECTATOR

As the Spectator left the afternoon performance of the "Blue Bird" he thought he was leaving the realms of fairyland far behind him. With the belief that he was entering into a typical illustration of what he was constantly told was the deadly commercialism of our present day, he wandered into one of the five and ten cent stores along the avenue to while away an hour before keeping an engagement with one of his friends. And, presto! he was in a land as full of beauty and enchantment, at least to his mind, as the mystic world which he had left in the theater. To be sure, it was not so pure a beauty, not so pure a fairyland, as that which he had gazed upon from his seat in the upper balcony. But they were both there mingled with the sordid, the commonplace, and the practical.

First of all, there was the circular railway in the big show window. The heart of the Spectator renewed its youth as he watched the little red engine—who ever saw a red engine on a real railway?—with its red tender and red passenger coach, go whirling around the track, over dangerous drawbridges, which opened as soon as a train passed safely, and which always closed just in time to avoid a terrible catastrophe. Little block-system signals lowered and raised their arms; a flagman at a crossing invariably waved his flag just the same number of times at the wagon-crossing where no wagon ever appeared. The Spectator yearned to talk over this railway and its merits as a desirable Christmas present with some of the owners of the hungry, devouring eyes which were pressed against the glass. But the presence of hurrying papas and mammas forbade such a gross intrusion into private affairs.

Inside the door at the candy booth the Spectator recognized with a thrill of pleasure Lovey Mary and Tommy. To be sure, they both looked older than when he had first met them between the pages of Mrs. Rice's delightful book. But he hastily calculated that it must be at least three years since he had made their

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acquaintance. He found them considering the most practical way of expending fifteen cents on a present for some one, who, of course, must be Mrs. Wiggs. As usual, Lovey Mary was doing most of the considering. "You see, Tommy"—how the name did fit into the play of his imagination!—she was saying, earnestly, while they both gazed longingly at the chocolate almonds, the ultra-creams, whatever they may be, and the various beguiling, most wonderful confections at fifteen and twenty cents a pound. "You see, Tommy, them wouldn't last long, and besides we might eat 'em ourselves before we got home." Probably this philosophy did not appeal to the hungry Tommy, but with a heroic shove he was pushed ahead to the next counter, away from the magnetism of the sweetmeats.

The Spectator was bold enough to follow them to listen to the careful weighing of the comparative desirability of a marvelous collection of hat-pins. It was quite easy for him to sympathize with the long discussion of whether the gaudy red square-topped pin or a sedate black one should be selected. The little girl, catching sight of the Spectator's interested gaze, finally appealed to him as naturally greatly concerned in so important a matter. The artistic side of the Spectator's nature rebelled against recommending the red pin upon which the boy's eyes were fixed. Yet he hesitated to tell them to select the black one, which would not bring a ray of brightness into a home where brightness was probably most needed. He finally compromised with himself, as he so often does, in suggesting that the dark-green pin would very likely be the most suitable for an elderly woman. He felt nobly rewarded by the smile of the girl, who complimented him by saying that "You must be a clear-voyance to know that ma has a green hat."

The Spectator had hard work to tear himself away from the toy section, a little farther back in the store. Here were a menagerie and a manufacturing establishment combined. Bears, horses, elephants, fire-engines, and police patrols were so arranged that one could obtain a bank and a plaything together for the sum of ten cents. He had to have the pretty, tired clerk explain very carefully to him just how the bank could be opened and the money extracted in case of necessity. He studied the girl closely, and wondered how she could keep so cheerful and obliging under the steady strain and vexation of the holiday crowds. But the spirit of Christmas seemed to sustain her, and he listened with a deep admiration to her kindly, sympathetic advice to earnest little urchins, to happy mothers, and to rough, hearty workingmen, who were striving to make their little savings go as far as possible.

He might have stayed there until his hour was up had not his eyes been irresistibly drawn toward the part of the store where sparkled the tinsel and glitter of the Christmas tree decorations. Of course his eye had been hovering more or less consciously upon the rows upon rows of gold and silver tinsel which furnished the *motif* of the decorations of the entire store. But over in this particular section this *motif*, the Spectator told himself, expanded into a grand symphony of loveliness. He rubbed his mind's eyes again and again, and asked himself how he could possibly be seeing such beauty mingled with the selling of five and ten cent trifles. At first he thought that he would count the thousand and one rows of silver cord which glittered in a gently sparkling curve from the dome of a large golden bell to the corners and sides of the booth, in order to describe this scene to his friends. Then he tried to remember the emerald, the sapphire, the crimson, the turquoise, the saffron, and the indigo of the balls and harps and guitars and aeroplanes which clung or seemed to hover along the sides of the booth. Finally he simply let himself agree with the little boy who looked up into his mother's face and asked, "Hain't it great?" He enjoyed several delicious moments in helping the boy select six of the most beautiful ornaments. The various arguments in favor of this trinket or that were duly discussed by them both with a gravity befitting the magnitude of the purchase. It seemed ridiculous to pay only twenty-five cents for so much pleasure in the purchase of what he was pleased to call congealed

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brightness. He would have liked to leave the quarter which came to him in change in the hands of the clerk, but a glance into her clear, frank countenance forbade his doing so.

His hour was passing with remarkable rapidity, and the Spectator saw that he must finish his adventures very quickly if he were to keep his engagement. But he simply could not pass Santa Claus, in the front part of the store. He was truly a very real Santa Claus. He had the heavy fur coat, the big flowing white whiskers, and the rosy cheeks of the long cast-aside books and blocks of childhood. And, best of all, he had the genuine glad smile and the warm, sympathetic heart which the real Santa Claus always has. Many were the questions which he was answering, many the requests for presents which he was writing down on a convenient tablet. "Of course," he told the score of little upturned faces about him, in his strong, gruff voice, "of course they must not be disappointed if they did not get everything that they asked for. It had been a hard year for him to get carpenters in his shop, and he might have to distribute just one little present to them all in order to make his supply go around!"

The Spectator wondered if the time would ever come when for every child in the city Santa would have had a big, prosperous year. His attention was attracted by a wee mite of a boy in the outskirts of the little crowd who was making a determined effort to reach a better point of view. In a moment the little fellow was in his arms. By one of those very convenient coughs with which we are all sometimes afflicted, the attention of Santa was attracted by the Spectator to the waif of the tenements. "Please, Mr. Santa Claus," yelled out the child as soon as he met his gaze, "please, I want you to bring Ma a new coat, and Pa a pair of pants, and Jennie a doll, and me a cap and a gun." Santa proved wonderfully acute, for, in response to a slow, deliberate wink from the Spectator, he asked the lad's address, which was duly written down on a certain much-worn mental tablet, with a firm determination that one family at least in New York should know that good, old-fashioned Santa Claus was not entirely a myth.

What did it all mean? the Spectator asked himself, as he was whirled along on the elevated. That beautiful, symbolic play, with all its influence tending toward sweetness and kind living; the richness and nobility of character which had flashed out so brightly and so frequently for him that afternoon; the beauty and happiness which he had seen among the most common commercialism? Is there not, after all, a much greater charm and joy in life than many would acknowledge? Is there not, slowly but steadily, in our drama, our books, even in ordinary every-day activities, arising, like the brightening glow of the dawning day in winter, a greater spirit of service to one another, a kind of brotherly helpfulness, which shall some day conquer all mankind by its pervasive power? Is not the spirit of the noble Founder of Christmas, the vision of Tolstoy, the day of the brotherhood of man, really coming nearer? The Spectator felt it to be so, and he breathed a prayer that the soul of the great Russian lover of mankind might somehow in Christmas week be able to gaze upon the world and realize that his vision was beginning to come true.

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HOW I WAS CONVERTED—POLITICALLY

BY A KANSAS PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN

I WAS converted about six years ago—not religiously, but politically. But still I think the change was radical enough to warrant my calling it conversion. My observation is that several million persons have been converted in the last few years, just as I was, though of course I don't know the process that they went through.

As I look back I believe that my political conversion was a good deal like the religious conversion that led to my joining the church. I came of a good average family in a small Kansas town. My father was one of the many Union soldiers who settled in Kansas after the war. He was a country lawyer—an honorable and upright man of strong convictions. Both he and my mother were devout church people, and I was brought up to go to church. As I grew older, I broke away from church influences and became indifferent to religious considerations. Then, when I was about seventeen years old, I somehow got to thinking about things seriously, and it gradually came over me that I was getting to be pretty mean and selfish and reckless, and that I'd better turn about. In some way I got to realize what the whole thing meant. It was this insight, I suppose, that brought about my conversion. When I saw what sort of things were involved in the way some of my friends and I were going, I decided I'd better quit and join the church.

Well, I always had been interested in politics. My father was a great Republican. I remember now the gloom in our family when we heard that Blaine was beaten. I think my father had an idea that Cleveland would undo all the achievements of the war. My mother really cried over it. A few years later came the "Pop" uprising. My father was terribly distressed over that. To him it was little short of treason to vote any other than the Republican ticket. At that time it was impressed on us children that the Republican party had saved the Union, and that now it would have to save the country again from the Anarchists who would destroy business. The name "Republican" became pretty nearly sacred to us, and I remember the contempt I had for the fellows whose fathers had joined in the "Pop" movement. We often had fights over the question after school, and I licked and got licked for the Republican party. Republicanism became a sort of religion with me.

I was old enough to be a party worker in the first McKinley campaign. In that way I got in with the fellows who were running things. They were a mighty keen, shrewd lot in our town, and I had great admiration for them. I was a little shocked at first at some of the things I saw, but they explained that everybody did them, and you had to in politics. The average man, I guess, always acquiesces in what his associates take for granted. My political friends looked on politics as a great game, and they were willing to do anything to win, and I took the same view. We didn't take it consciously, I suppose, but at bottom that was our attitude. Of course we knew that we didn't have anything to say about the party's policies. We merely took orders. It was a perfect military system. All that was expected of us was to support the party nominees and carry our county.

At that time three great railway systems governed Kansas—the Santa Fé, the Rock Island, and the Union Pacific. The Missouri Pacific was more or less of an outsider, for it happened to be allied with the Democrats. Very likely it had the assignment of seeing that the minority party didn't make trouble in the Legislature. The railway domination was complete. Legislators were classified by the railways they represented. There were so many "Santa Fé counties," so many "Rock Island counties," so many "Union Pacific counties." The legislators from these counties were referred to as "Santa Fé men," or whatever the railway was. United States Senators were chosen by the railways. So-and-so would be referred to as the "Rock Island's candidate," and somebody else would be the Santa Fé's.

All this was a matter of common knowl-

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edge, but nobody objected or was in any way outraged by it. In the early days the settlers felt that the railways were the making of Kansas. All the Western States, you know, were crazy to get railways. It was a matter of life and death with them. They were willing to make any terms, and to give the railways anything they wanted, if only the railways would come. So I felt—and I suppose a majority of the people of the State felt—that it was natural that the railways should take an active interest in politics, in self-protection. There were a lot of crazy Anarchists trying to put the railways out of business, and we didn't mind the railways defending themselves. There was some dissatisfaction over high freight rates. That was one of the "Pop" issues. But the respectable citizens generally took the position that it was a new State and that the railways must be permitted to charge high rates to make a living.

I became a member of our county committee. The State Committee always supplied us with funds. The nominee for Representative in the Legislature always got $100 from the State Committee for campaign funds. The nominee for State Senator got $200. I knew that, while this money came from the State Committee, it was supplied by the railways, but I didn't think anything of that. It was a case of everybody doing it again. Of course I understood that the railways were interested in the nomination and election of good, conservative men who would see to it that business conditions were not hurt, and that there was no hostile legislation to reduce freight rates.

So far as I can see in looking back, all sensible men took about this view until well into President Roosevelt's first term. Then an awakening began. I dont know exactly what caused it. Mr. Roosevelt's continued hammering on the square deal had a good deal to do with it, I suppose. Somehow he got the attention of the people and got them to thinking about the significance of things. By this time, too, Kansas had recovered from the lean years of the early nineties. She was growing big crops and was laying away money. The problem of getting the stuff to market was attracting attention as it never had before. I had married and had moved to another town in central Kansas to go into business. Setting up for myself, I found some queer things about the freight situation. All our coal, I discovered, came from Colorado. We were considerably nearer the southern Kansas fields, but the freight rates were such that the only coal that could reach us came from the West. Our sugar came from California, but our merchants paid a higher rate on it than the Kansas City jobbers did. The rate was the through rate from the coast to Kansas City, plus the local rate from Kansas City to our town. The rates, it seems, were fixed to favor Kansas City as a jobbing center. Our merchants could buy stuff more advantageously from a Kansas City jobber than from the factory in the East, because of the discriminating freight rates, combined with the rebates that the big shipper always got. But wheat was the biggest grievance of all. We were in the wheat belt. Our export trade naturally lay through the port of Galveston, and we had a direct line to that city, but we weren't permitted to ship that way. The rate to Galveston was the rate to Kansas City, plus the rate from Kansas City to Galveston. In other words, the railway proposed to haul our wheat up to Kansas City, and then to haul it back from Kansas City through our town and on to Galveston. On the face of it, the situation was irrational and uneconomic. Besides, it was mighty irritating. In those days the railways had had everything their own way so long that a good many of the officials had become intolerant and haughty. They weren't particularly tactful when they turned down the requests from our business men for a more equitable adjustment of rates.

Railway rates became a real issue in our town and in many others. Everybody got to talking about them. Visitors said we taught them to children in the schools instead of the multiplication table. About this time I attended a State Convention. Nearly all the delegates rode on passes; when we arrived, we found headquarters in charge of railway attorneys. Before the Convention they agreed on a slate, which was put through. I had been for a candidate who wasn't on the slate. When I got out to work for him, I found there was no argument against him except that

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the railways had decided on another man. It was generally assumed that the railways must have what they wanted, and that they were really entitled to it, because they, of course, were going to bear the brunt of financing the campaign, and because all the fellows liked to have passes.

As I watched that slate go through, I began to hook things up together. On the way home I said to another delegate from our town: "Ed, I'm beginning to get next." "Next to what?" he asked. "Next to the game these railways are working on us. What show on earth do you think we are going to have to get that wheat rate changed when we let the railways manage the State government?" Well, I found that he had been thinking of the same thing; and when I talked to other men, if they hadn't been thinking of it, the idea took with them right away. As I got to thinking things over, it began to dawn on me that the railway contributions to campaign funds were part of the general game. The railways, I began to believe, had got 'way beyond the point of self-protection. I saw they were in politics so that they could run things as they pleased. After that convention I stopped calling myself a Republican. Then came the big fight in Congress over the Railway Rate Bill. That helped educate us still more. One of the important factors at this time was Senator La Follette, who made a tour of the State reading the roll-calls. He would explain the significance of amendments to the Rate Bill, and would read the roll-call to show how our Senators had voted. La Follette has a wonderful gift of making complex things simple, and we all knew that he was very much in earnest. He made a great impression in the State. People were ready for him, you see. They felt that they had a vital interest in the things he was discussing; for pretty much every community had its grievance against the railways.

Another incident happened about this time that had a strong influence. We had elected a Progressive Governor and a Progressive House. But the State Senate was still controlled by a gang of reactionaries who came to be called the "Senate lodge." This lodge, so far as it dared, blocked every attempt of the Governor and the House to enact Progressive legislation. The control of the lodge by the railways was much commented on by the Kansas City "Star," a strongly Progressive newspaper with a State-wide circulation in Kansas. Members of the lodge became so irritated that they finally voted to exclude the "Star's" correspondent from the Senate chamber. After this on every important vote the "Star" would print in black letters, in parallel columns, the names of the Senators voting on the railway side and the names of those who voted to exclude the correspondent. The lists were pretty nearly identical. Everybody in the State got to discussing the matter, and the roll-calls became the great news of the day. I didn't need the record of the Senate lodge to convert me. But I suppose the events of that winter added to the number of converts.

I notice that surprise is expressed in the East that we should be Insurgents out in Kansas when we are so prosperous that the bankers have begun to fear that we are buying more automobiles than we can afford. They miss the point. We've really been converted. We had never thought much about the consequences involved in our course of letting the railways run things, any more than I had thought seriously about what I was up to when I was a wild boy at home. But we have got our eyes open now, just as I got mine open when I joined the church. We have seen that the old sort of politics was used to promote all sorts of private ends, and we have got the idea now that the new politics can be used to promote the general welfare. The change has been due to a Great Awakening. We were taking the selfish and short-sighted view. Finally we saw where that was taking us. So now we are looking at things from the standpoint of the public welfare—or trying to. And that is the unselfish and long-sighted view. Isn't that about the change that conversion makes?

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ORGANIZED LABOR'S PROBLEMS

BY CHARLES STELZLE

WHEN the American Federation of Labor was invited to go to St. Louis for its thirtieth annual meeting, which has recently finished its sessions, it was plainly for the purpose of making a demonstration for the benefit of Mr. Van Cleave, who was then President of the National Manufacturers' Association, and also because St. Louis was the center of the now famous Bucks Stove and Range Company controversy. After the invitation was accepted, however, Mr. Van Cleave died, and the Bucks Stove and Range Company surrendered in the fight against organized labor and became unionized through a change in the administration of its affairs. The altered situation undoubtedly changed the programme of the Convention. While there are few cities in which the feeling between organized labor and organized capital is more bitter than it is in St. Louis, there is less evidence of it to the ordinary observer than is the case in almost any other industrial center. There seems to be a finality about the whole situation which has been accepted by each side, and both capital and labor have settled down to a dogged fight, neither side expecting any quarter. The local Central Labor Union is dominated by the saloon interests and the Socialists, the old-line unionists having been beaten at the last election and a young, thoroughgoing revolutionary Socialist elected as President.

It was in this environment that nearly four hundred delegates met for two weeks to discuss the affairs of trades unionism as represented in the American Federation of Labor. The impression that one got from these men was that of masterfulness—the men in the shop would say that they were "on the job." The general character of the labor leader has undergone a great change in the past dozen years. A new type has arisen which is more nearly like the manager of the corporation with whom the labor leader has to do business. This is the type which is to-day in control of the American Federation of Labor. Clean-cut in speech and in appearance, he is the match of the corporation's "walking delegate," otherwise known as the "superintendent."

It may seem incongruous for a labor leader to flash a diamond ring as he passionately pleads for starving men and women—and many of these delegates wear diamonds; but that ring was given him by a host of grateful working men and women in recognition of strenuous service rendered in connection with a hard-fought strike, the results of which meant shorter hours and higher wages to the workers. There were exhibited in this Convention the possibilities of mental and social attainments for the American workingman, for every one of the delegates was at one time an artisan or a laborer—the many crippled and dismembered hands proving this, to say nothing of the familiarity with shop and factory life.

The spirit of democracy was strongly manifested. It is amazing how patiently the Convention listened to a delegate who was anxious to get his speech of protest into the proceedings so that he could square himself with his constituency. It would be an absurdity for any one to say that this Convention was carried in the vest-pocket of any delegate or official, for every question was determined absolutely upon its merits, regardless of who introduced the resolution. Frequently the Convention went full tilt against the report of a committee or the wishes of the administration. The man who could make good on the floor of the Convention—and every man got a square chance to do so—won out. At no time during the Convention were the delegates confused by an appeal to their emotions. I have seen many a church convention more easily stampeded than is ever possible in these annual conventions of labor, for these hard-headed labor leaders are not easily swayed by their feelings.

That enterprising detective bureau which annually offers to supply employers with reports of the "secret" proceedings of the American Federation of Labor Convention for fifteen dollars is fooling the

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capitalists, for the printed minutes of the previous day's proceedings were each morning laid upon every delegate's desk, and all the meetings were open to the public. It was simply impossible for the Convention to do anything "in a corner."

Just previous to the Convention there were wild rumors as to what the Socialists and others were planning to do to Samuel Gompers, threatening to unseat him and the entire Executive Council. There was a possibility that one or two members of the Executive Council might not have been re-elected, but no one who knows the situation in the Federation imagined for a moment that Mr. Gompers had lost his grip. There never has been a time when his influence was stronger.

For many years the Socialists in the Convention have annually introduced what have come to be known as "the Socialistic resolutions," which were framed in caucus and bitterly fought out on the floor of the Convention. It was never hoped that this discussion would change a vote among the delegates, but it filled the report of proceedings and furnished headlines for the newspapers, so that the discussion was regarded as good propaganda. When it was announced that Victor L. Berger, the first Socialist elected to Congress, was coming to the Convention as a delegate, it was prophesied that the fur would fly; but Berger did not make a speech during the entire Convention, nor were the usual Socialist resolutions introduced. At a secret meeting of the Socialists, called early in the Convention, it was resolved to omit the annual discussion and to announce openly that they had come to the Convention as bona-fide trades unionists. The Socialists realize that if they are to win the votes of the trades unionists—now that they are hopefully in politics—they cannot afford to antagonize organized labor. It was frankly stated by Max S. Hayes, of Cleveland, who has really been the leader of the Socialists in the Convention for many years, that the Socialists no longer need the Conventions of the American Federation of Labor to attract attention. No open opposition was made to Mr. Gompers, neither was any attempt made to commit the Federation to the Socialistic programme. But while the tactics of the leaders have undergone a change, it does not mean that the Socialists have given up the hope of capturing the American Federation of Labor. They have simply shifted their point of attack. Hereafter it will be an underground warfare, and before the trades unionists themselves are aware of it, the Socialists think, they will be inside the fortifications. Only once did the actual strength of the Socialists in the Convention manifest itself, and then it was demonstrated that they control about one-seventh of the delegates.

During the past year the bartenders and brewery workers and other trades affected by the anti-saloon movement have been agitating the question of getting the American Federation of Labor to protest against the temperance movement in every form. The liquor question is an economic problem to the workingman, and the entire subject is looked at from that viewpoint. Treasurer John B. Lennon of the Federation has been particularly active in various local option campaigns, and it was resolved by the representatives of the above-mentioned trades to unseat him at the Convention. Just before the St. Louis Convention was opened, the Labor Trades Department, of which Lennon is the President, held its annual meeting, about sixty delegates being present. The brewery workers, bakers, and coopers introduced a resolution demanding that no officer of the Department should be permitted to take part in any movement which was injuring any affiliated organization. This was a direct slap at Lennon. The matter was referred to a special committee, and this committee opposed the resolution because they said it interfered with the inalienable rights of an American citizen; and the conference, by a vote of 52 to 8, stood by the committee's report.

When Ben Turner, who was one of the fraternal delegates from the British Trades Congress, gave his address, he dwelt at length upon the work of the "Trades Union and Labor Officials' Temperance Fellowship." The members of this organization represent more than one-half of the trades unionists in England, and sixteen labor members in Parliament are vice-presidents of the society. Each year, in connection with the meetings of the British Trades Congress, a great temperance rally is held, and so influential has

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this organization become in the British trades union movement that no delegate who is known to be a drinking man can be elected to represent the British Trades Congress as a fraternal delegate at the meetings of the American Federation of Labor. Indeed, the members of this temperance society for "walking delegates" practically control the British Trades Congress.

It is encouraging to note that a decided change has come over the Conventions of the American Federation of Labor with reference to the liquor question. Not many years ago at these meetings drunkenness was winked at. The delegates to the recent St. Louis Convention were tempted in a peculiar manner to indulge in strong drink. A big brewer had contributed $1,000 toward the entertainment fund, and then opened his brewery to the delegates. The Convention held its meetings in a hall, secured by the local committee, which was situated about three miles from the hotels, so that the delegates were compelled to remain in continuous session clear through the noon hour and until late in the afternoon. There was a saloon in the lower part of the hall, and other saloons on either side of the hall, which offered unusual attractions; but most of the delegates remained in their seats during the entire day, going without lunch because of an unwillingness to patronize the saloons in the neighborhood, as there were no restaurants near by. At any rate, not a single case of drunkenness was apparent during the entire twelve days of the Convention.

It is exceedingly doubtful whether a vote of condemnation for the anti-saloon movement could be secured in a straight-out fight in a Convention of the American Federation of Labor. It is gradually being realized by the workingmen of America that those who represent them in various relationships must be sober men; and while they do not always insist upon total abstinence, they do demand that their representatives shall not be addicted to strong drink. While not a word was said on the floor of the Convention with reference to the temperance question, this situation was brought about by an understanding between the anti-saloon and the liquor factions that, in view of the many important problems now confronting organized labor, neither side could afford to engage in a fight which would undoubtedly split the Convention. The saloon men have come to respect the anti-saloon element, principally because of a monster labor-temperance mass-meeting which was held in Toronto during the last Convention, attended by four thousand working people, and which was addressed by some of the most prominent labor leaders in America.

On account of the growing complexity of industries and the subdivision of labor, the trades unions are compelled to face many jurisdictional questions. The teamsters insist that the "bakers and confectionery workers" who drive the bakery wagons delivering bread shall become members of their organization. The "car-workers" wish to retain the painters who work in the car-shops. The theatrical employees claim jurisdiction over all men who work "behind the curtain line." The elevator constructors object most strenuously to having their charter annulled, thus forcing them into the machinists' union. The carriage and wagon workers wish to include in their organization all men who have any part in the construction, not only of wagons and carriages, but also of automobiles and aeroplanes. If it were not for the complications arising on account of jurisdictional quarrels, the Convention might easily dispose of its business in less than a week. Largely because of this situation, many trades unionists believe that a different principle of organization is desirable. They insist that labor should be organized upon an industrial instead of a trade basis; that is, instead of forming separate unions for particular crafts in each plant or industry, it is argued that all men in a mine, for example, whether they are coal-diggers, machinists, blacksmiths, or carpenters, should belong to the same union. It is argued that if this were done, the employer would be compelled to attack a more compact force, instead of trying to destroy labor's power by putting the necessarily smaller and weaker unions out of business. This is practically the system upon which the United Mine Workers of America has been organized, and when the Western Federation of Miners made application for a charter to the

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Convention they insisted that their form of organization—which is upon an industrial basis—be recognized. To this the International Association of Machinists strenuously objected, although a petition was presented by the delegates of the United Mine Workers of America—headed by John Mitchell—asking that the charter be granted. However, there is a law in the American Federation of Labor Constitution to the effect that no jurisdiction shall be permitted over any craft without the consent of the International officers of the particular organization involved. Unquestionably the time will soon arrive when the trades union will be compelled to face the modern industrial situation and reorganize upon a more clearly defined basis than is possible under existing conflicting laws, which permit "industrial" organization in one industry but forbid it in another.

One of the strongest reasons for objecting to the industrial form of organization is because it is the basis upon which the Industrial Workers of the World—the Socialistic rival of the American Federation of Labor—is established. But the most serious objection at this time will be raised by the big international unions represented on the floor of the Convention, because each of them has some kind of a jurisdictional fight on.

The newspapers quoted Mr. Gompers as having "read the negro out of the trades union," when actually he meant exactly the opposite thing. He said that it could not be expected that the negro, having so recently come out of slavery, could have the high standards of the Caucasian race, nor could he as fully appreciate the institutions with which the white race has been so long familiar; "but," Mr. Gompers continued—referring to all depressed people—"if these men and women are good enough for the employer to bring to this country for the purpose of exploiting native workmen, then they are good enough to take into our trades unions. Instead of reading the negro out of the labor movement, my contention and the contention of the American Federation of Labor is to bring him into the organized labor movement of our country. We are trying our level best to organize the men and women of toil without regard to their religion, their politics, their color, their nationality, their sex, or their race."

Central Labor Unions which desired more power to call sympathetic strikes were given a body blow by the Convention. In no case can a Central Labor Union call out a local union unless permission is first obtained from the local's international organization. The tendency in the Federation during the past year or so has been to restrict the use of boycotts and sympathetic strikes. This was brought out when the case of the San Francisco Central Labor Union, which is regarded as one of the strongest central bodies in the United States, came before the Convention. A boycott had been called by the "Newspaper Solicitors' Union" in that city upon a San Francisco daily which was indorsed by the Central Body, but the Executive Council of the Federation declined to permit the issuance of the boycott on the ground that the boycott had been placed upon the paper before the matter was presented to the Executive Council, which was contrary to Federation law. In spite of the very strong backing of the Pacific Coast Central Body, the Convention voted almost unanimously to stand by the Executive Council. It was felt in the Convention that the powerful and rather independent San Francisco Central Body had been severely rebuked by this vote.

Very little was said in the Convention about the political programme of the American Federation of Labor. Several times the Convention was advised by the speakers who addressed it to "go slow in politics."

The matter of industrial education was presented in a special report by John Mitchell. For two years a committee has been at work upon this matter, and through its efforts a bill has been placed before Congress which provides for ten million dollars as a co-operative fund to be used by the various States in placing courses of study in agriculture, the trades, and home economics in the secondary or high schools of the entire country, the States being required to supply all lands and buildings and to pay for all general educational courses. The money from the Federal Treasury is to be available only for teaching the vocational subjects. The Committee also reported that the Department of Commerce and Labor has undertaken

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a comprehensive Federal investigation of the entire subject of industrial education. This report is about completed and will be the best piece of work of its kind ever produced in the United States. This movement on the part of the American Federation of Labor is indicative of the progressive spirit which is developing among organized workingmen.

The most solemn moment in the Convention was occasioned by a resolution presented by Vice-President James Duncan recognizing the influence of Tolstoy's life and teaching, which was carried by the members of the Convention rising as one man upon the rap of President Gompers's gavel, and standing in "silent meditation" for a full minute.

THE ROOSEVELTS IN AFRICA[1]

BY SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON

AUTHOR OF "THE UGANDA PROTECTORATE," "THE NEGRO IN THE NEW WORLD," ETC.

THE title of this article is that which, as by instinct, emerges from my reading of the book written by the ex-President of the United States, and that seems to me to be the most fitting to place at the head of the review I have been asked to write of "African Game Trails." Indeed, I would venture to suggest that in some new, revised, and permanent form of this book the present unalluring designation—"African Game Trails"—should be exchanged for an alternative title like that above. "African" is vague, and "Trails" is suggestive of South Africa and Bushmen trackers, rather than of those equatorial regions where most of the hunting is done by sighting the quarry and straightway making for it; moreover, the main interest of the book is Theodore Roosevelt's personality and his verbal pictures of wild beasts, birds, and men; and almost equally the photographs taken by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, and the father's record of the singular achievements of a son who at twenty years of age had qualified to take a place among the greatest big game sportsmen of the world. Kermit Roosevelt, in staking his life on equal terms against leopards, lions, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and elephants, gave evidence of cool bravery, steadiness of nerve, accurate marksmanship, and straight riding which must have made his father's heart glow with pride, and which certainly excite the admiration of the reader. To those who did not know him already—and they were, of necessity, few beyond his relations and school comrades—this book reveals a son of Theodore Roosevelt who should some day take up a prominent position in the world on his own account, and who, in refreshing contrast to so many sons of great personages, is far from being a mere replica of his father, sedulously copying tricks of manner and dress, opinions and qualities. Fortunately for twentieth-century America, one meets many Kermits throughout the length and breadth of the United States—slim young men, fastidious in dress and manner, with nothing arresting in the healthy face but the violet-gray eyes; quietly polite—gratefully so to the middle-aged and old—but, like modern American buildings, with a hidden framework of steel. As usual, the African followers "sized up" Kermit and gave him his nickname—the Bwana Malidadi (it is misspelled in the book, Merodadi), or "Dandy Master;" *Malidadi*, however, in Swahili meaning a smart young man, an Admirable Crichton, much more than a person who is merely well turned out.

The father, of course, was styled at once the Bwana Mkubwa, the "Great Master" (in the book the author or printer misrenders the term Makuba, which means "Tombs"), and Fate properly ordained that he should rank first as a game shot, a priority due chiefly to his

[1] African Game Trails: An Account of the African Wanderings of an American Hunter Naturalist. By Theodore Roosevelt. Illustrated from Photographs by Kermit Roosevelt and other members of the Expedition, and from Drawings by Philip R. Goodwin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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accurate marksmanship (some of his specimens were obtained at a distance of four hundred to five hundred yards). Theodore Roosevelt killed 296 well-chosen types of big and small game as against Kermit's 216, and, among other distinctions dear to the heart of a sportsman, brought down the very rare and remarkable reticulated giraffe, now restricted in its area to southern and western Somaliland, which, as a zoögraphical province, extends southwards to the Guaso Nyiro River.

The points which strike me most forcibly about this book and the achievements of its writer and his companions are these:

First, the wonderful luck of the Roosevelt Expedition. Something of this was no doubt due (as genius is said to be) to an infinite capacity for taking pains; and Mr. Roosevelt properly records the services rendered by the organizers of his caravan journeys—Messrs. R. J. Cunninghame and Leslie Tarlton. But even more pains have been spent on the journeys of royalties and sporting statesmen through East Africa and Uganda, with very much less in the way of achievements as regards the securing of rare or wonderful beasts. Without even the exception of the giant forest pig (*Hylochœrus*), which, though not shot by a Roosevelt, was obtained by the Roosevelt Expedition, the list of the good things they brought back with them makes the mouth of a naturalist-sportsman water! *Item*, the reticulated giraffe (probably the only perfect museum specimen in the world); *item*, the giant eland of the Sudan; *item*, the "white" square-lipped rhinoceros; and, further, the East African Bongo tragelaph; the rare East African sable antelope;[1] the Uganda situtunga; the long-necked gerenuk gazelle; the white-backed waterbuck (*Cobus mariæ*, *really* a "waterbuck" in this case); the scarce East African striped hyena, and still scarcer otocyon dog and aard-wolf; besides many rare (and in scientific collections almost unique) insectivores, bats, mice, mole-rats, hyraxes, and monkeys.

Second, the fact that Mr. Roosevelt (and I believe the members of his expedition) refrained from accepting the invitation of the authorities to trespass on the established game reserves. In this the leader set an example which we may hope will henceforth become *de rigueur* on the part of all highly placed persons who may desire to succeed him in African shooting expeditions. As a rule, whenever a Royal or Serene Highness (exception being taken for the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of the Abruzzi) or a great military or civil Government official has gone to British, Belgian, or German Africa, he has asked for and obtained permission to shoot in the game reserves, or, as Mr. E. N. Buxton used to complain, has shot in the Sudan or Somaliland reserves without permission. The result, perhaps, together with the wild and reckless behavior of his companions and native followers, has been the complete demoralization of the reserve and the undoing of five years' quiet. Moreover, the indigenes of the country, who are already very unwilling to fall in with this system of game preservation, seeing a party, large or small, killing game in a tabooed region, at once jump to the conclusion that the reservation is a dead letter and resume their destructive hunts.

Third, the gain to science derived from Mr. Roosevelt's expedition. He was no trophy hunter, no thoughtless slaughterer of big beasts merely because they were big and bore horns, tusks, or pelts that would figure to advantage on the walls of a country house. He was quite as anxious that his expedition should obtain the whale-billed stork, the pygmy mouse, the green-backed day-flying bat, the elephant shrew, as that it should bring home the white rhinoceros, the Abyssinian buffalo, the East African sable antelope, or that grandest of the tragelaphine bovids, the deservedly named giant eland. He derived as keen a thrill from the capture of a "big, fierce, carnivorous shrew" as from the killing of a charging lion nine and a half feet long. Some of the commoner game of the country was killed to support his caravan, but no notable animal or bird died in vain. Their remains will enrich the great natural history museums of America and England, and be of ever-growing interest to millions of men, women, and children who will thus be able to realize the marvels of the African fauna. It has been

[1] This last form, of which three specimens were shot by Mr. Kermit Roosevelt, was new to science, and has been named "*Roosevelti*."

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no misnomer to call this a scientific expedition. In many ways a scientist himself, at any rate as regards knowledge of the external aspect of beasts and birds and a capacity and discrimination for the accurate study of their life habits, Mr. Roosevelt writes real "natural history;" he reverently subserved the trained biologists at home or with him in his party, who required materials in bone, flesh, blood, brain, and intestines for those studies which will enable them to classify, analyze, and compare, but he also recorded directly from personal observation that priceless information regarding the life habits of beasts and birds which is such an invaluable aid to the taxidermist, the animal painter or sculptor, and the classifying biologist. Thus we learn from him that the strange creodont-like otocyon dog (remarkable for its archaic dentition of four molars on each side of the jaws) lives largely on termites ("white ants") and other insect food; that a giraffe in fighting strikes not only with the hoofed feet but also with the front teeth of the lower jaw, a weapon which, with the twelve-foot swing of the neck and the heavy head, must strike the object with telling force (perhaps this habit is a partial explanation of the bifoliated canine tooth and the scores and ripping scratches which the present writer has seen in some old male giraffes and attributed to the attacks of lions). He describes with apt and accurate words the ungainly pranks of the hartebeests, their association with the red ant-hills which they so much resemble in the distance, their duels to the death, and their frequent—and, as color goes, effective—association with the herds of zebras. As to the two species of East African zebra, he imitates the bark of the typical zebra, *Equus burchelli* (*granti*), so different from the whistling cry of the large Grévy's zebra; he pictures its constant comradeship with the red hartebeests (an effect which I described in my Uganda book as "silver and gold"), its bold attacks with teeth and hoofs on dogs, and its stamping-grounds, where it rolls in the dust (to free its coat from ticks, no doubt). We are made to see the larger Grévy's zebras with their huge ears and narrow stripes, and are reminded that although both Grévy's and Grant's zebras associate together occasionally, they do not interbreed.

Again and again lion and lioness are described in crisp sentences: they are "a yellow blur on the plain" or "a mass of tangled mane" in the grass; or they bound along, their muscles swelling and stretching under the close-cropped shining fur; they are shown killing their prey mainly by leaping on to its back and severing the neck vertebræ by a scrunch of the fangs. The "terror of the lion" among all game less than a rhinoceros in size is vividly portrayed, as are their bold attacks on white men. The description of the Nandi spearmen's battle with a lion on pages 349–352 is a splendid piece of writing, too hackneyed already by much quotation to be repeated here. And Mr. Roosevelt's male lions are satisfactory beasts because they are usually amply maned, with "black and yellow," "black and tawny" manes. So many immature male lions are killed in East and South Central Africa that a false impression has got abroad that the wild lion does not grow an ample mane when fully mature.

The speed in hunting of that long-legged, aberrant cat the chita (alas! Roosevelt spells it cheetah), and its curious bird-like chirping cry and almost monkeyish attitudes of sitting up, are facts of fresh interest, as are the allusions to the large bushy-white-tailed ichneumon and its pursuit of the tree hyraxes. The little hedgehogs, with thickly furred white bellies, are not beneath Mr. Roosevelt's notice; they "whine loudly like an antelope fawn," and soon after capture become so friendly and nestle so confidingly in their captor's hand that he cannot give them up to the taxidermist. Roosevelt describes exceedingly well and for the first time the dancing displays of the preposterously long-tailed male widow-weaver-birds; but his description of their floating flight is perhaps less accurate and "actual"—I make bold to say—than that given in my book on Uganda. But the topi (bastard hartebeest) antelopes, "with their purple and brown coats;" the "rhinoceroses standing in the middle of the African plain, deep in prehistoric thought," or squealing and charging; the stupid, but less fierce, square-lipped rhinos of the upper Nile

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"sitting on their haunches like dogs" (what writer could ever have *invented* such a picture?); elephants standing in the forest shade and chewing branches or waving the tufts of delicately selected grass before depositing them in their old women's mouths; the hippos fighting furiously in a lake for mastery in the herd, and the defeated candidate rushing on dry land and in his blind rage attacking the natives' cattle; otters in Lake Naivasha pursuing one another in playful undulations till they suggest a monstrous water-snake; baboons fighting with naked savage men almost on terms of equality, tearing open and devouring new-born lambs, biting, killing, and mutilating women; the diurnal bats, with yellow bodies and slate-colored wings, darting from the branches of bare trees to hawk for insects, and then hanging from a twig to devour their prey; the tiny zebra-striped mice and the elephant shrews with their flexible trunks; the hyenas, "yelling, howling, laughing, and chuckling over the carcasses" of the slain; the "big, handsome cuckoos of the marshes, which are large enough to eat mice;" the chestnut, gold, and green jaçanás striding from one lily leaf to another; "queer ibis-storks, black and white, with curved yellow bills, naked red faces, and wonderful purple tints on the outer and inner wing coverts;" the herds of black buffaloes with their horn-bosses gleaming white in the strong morning sun; the truculent equine antelopes ready in their squealing charge to bite as well as to stab with recurved horns; the sleek, grunting oryxes; the lovely Grant's gazelles and vividly colored *Thomsoni* gazelles; the spitting cobras snakes, "projecting their venom like white films or threads from the points of their hollow fangs;" the fat puff-adders and savage pythons; the blue-green agama lizards with orange heads; the white egrets which accompany the square-lipped rhinoceroses perpetually, to rid them of the ticks swarming in the skin furrows, and which whiten the rhinos' backs with their guano; the honey-guide birds again and again leading either of the Roosevelts or their colleagues or black servants to the hollow trees where the bees had hived, and then waiting for the reward in the shape of a portion of the comb with its bee grubs—all these (which I have summarized) are word pictures and true records, and bound to find a permanent place in compendiums of African natural history. For they are true to life. The African specialist knows that; he has probably seen the same thing himself, but has forgotten to place it on record, or it is new to him; he knew much, but had overlooked or not heard such and such a fact. Roosevelt's book throughout is highly original; once or twice he quotes a fellow-traveler, but for the most part makes his own statements independently of tradition or of what others may have written. On one or two points I do not agree with him; his observations conflict with my own, and I believe myself to be nearer the truth; but these divergencies are trifling compared with my acceptance of nearly all of his zoölogy as both new and true.

His word pictures of the landscapes are admirable: "A huge thorn-tree, lonely and beautiful"—how often one has seen this feature in East African landscapes! The aloes on the rocks with their blood-red flower-spikes; the forests, stinging nettles, and tree ferns of Mount Kenia. Here is an example of his style which is vivid, terse, and true as a presentment of an equatorial African river landscape: "A broad elephant and rhinoceros path worn deep and smooth by the generations of huge feet that had tramped it . . . leading from the dry inland to a favorite drinking-place on the Nile. . . . At this point the Nile was miles wide and was divided into lake-like expanses of still water. . . . Along the edges of the river and between the winding channels and lagoons grew vast water-fields of papyrus, their sheets and bands of dark green breaking the burnished silver of the sunlit waters. . . . Beyond the farther bank rose steep, sharply peaked hills. . . . The tri-colored fish-eagles, striking to the eye because of their snow-white heads and breasts, screamed continually. . . . Cormorants and snake-birds were perched on trees overhanging the water; . . . herons of many kinds rose from the marshy edges of the bays and inlets; wattled and spur-winged plovers circled overhead; and I saw a party of hippopotami in a shallow on the other side of the nearest channel, their lazy bulks

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raised above water as they basked in the sun. . . . The semi-diurnal slate-and-yellow bats flitted from one scantily leaved tree to another as I disturbed them. . . . At the foot of a steep bluff, several yards from the water, a crocodile lay. . . . There were straw-colored Nile hartebeests, chestnut-yellow kob antelopes, and harnessed tragelaphs, vividly spotted and striped with white on a ground of deep red bay and black."

As an example of a thrilling hunting story I would cite Captain Hutchinson's adventures with an enraged elephant, as recounted on page 386. The description (page 198) of the realities of the life of savage men and women, feasting on the blood and entrails of a slain beast, meeting "death by violence, death by cold, death by starvation," is sternly true in comparison with the idealistic descriptions of eighteenth and nineteenth century writers, who, with no first-hand knowledge whatever of the conditions in which uncivilized men and women existed, drew alluring pictures of their innocence, happiness, and freedom from care. Yet Roosevelt again and again evinces his liking for and keen sympathy with these dark-skinned peoples of East Africa, and gives several pen-portraits of this and that black follower, groom, porter, gun-bearer, tent-boy, tracker, and guard. One negro divines the traveler's love of flowers, and takes care to gather wild jessamine for his dinner-table; another, a Hercules in musculature, when his work is done hums sad-sounding songs to the accompaniment of a native guitar. Yet another follower wiles away a tedious boat journey on the Albertine Nile by recounting in a pure tenor voice, in true operatic style, the contents of the letter he is shortly to write in Swahili to a comrade far away at Mombasa. Quite as much is written about the black people of the expedition as about the whites; and rightly, for the Roosevelts' success was at least equally due to the faithfulness, bravery, endurance, and friendship of their negro and negroid attendants as to their American and British co-operators.

So much I have written in warm appreciation of this book; now for my criticisms, founded on the English edition. The proofs of this work before being published should have been shown to several specialists (on the supposition that Mr. Roosevelt was too busy to attend to anything of the kind after quitting Europe for the States). In this way a few irritating press errors in the printing of scientific names of bird and beast might have been set right and some mistakes in botanical nomenclature have been brought to Mr. Roosevelt's notice. I know him sufficiently to realize that he has a meticulous passion for accuracy, and would as much dislike to misname a plant or tree as any beast or bird, or any visitor calling at the White House or Oyster Bay. All these few slips could easily be set right in further editions. But the thing over which I mourn most is his complete backsliding in regard to phonetic spelling. To think that Mr. Roosevelt should have penned or typewritten Soudan (Sudan), Khartoum (Khartum), "kooni telli" (kuni tele), "Mohammedan" (Muhammadan), "Alhazar" (Al Azhar), "Koodoo" (kudu), and other recalcitrancies, is indeed bitter, the more so as the London "Times," of late an opponent of scientific accuracy in transliteration, duly notes with delight the ex-President's lapse from his earlier position in regard to phonetic spelling. Of course these mistakes may be the fault of the London publisher and printer, and may be absent from the American edition. It is my humble hope that they will not be allowed to persist in any version. The immediate respelling of the English language on a logical phonetic basis (such as we have for nearly a century applied to all non-European forms of speech) may be a revolution which should proceed gradually, but it is a reform which is inevitable if English is to take its place as a universal world-language. But, in any case, all educated, scientific people agreed long ago that African, Asiatic, and Amerindian words and names should be spelled on a plain, consistent, and universal phonetic system; and a reversion to "Soudan" and "koodoo" may delight the "Times," but it saddens those who thought that Mr. Roosevelt was, before all things, on the side of rational accuracy.

I do not know how it is with the American edition, but in the English form of the book we have bound up with the entrancing pictures of wild Africa Mr. Roosevelt's address delivered at the Mu-

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hammadan University of Cairo and his speech delivered at the Guildhall. Personally (though as a politician I entirely agree with Mr. Roosevelt's views, as my own writings amply testify) I think this is an artistic mistake; as much so as if Mr. J. G. Millais in his "A Breath from the Veld" (a book which the author of "African Game Trails" deservedly commends) had added an appendix dealing with South African protective duties, or Audubon had intercalated an appeal to slaveholders in his descriptions of American birds. Some of the best reading I know, of contemporary interest, and even for English readers, are the five bound volumes of Theodore Roosevelt's Speeches and Public Addresses (notably that much-quoted one, in 1905, on Santo Domingo). The two enunciations of opinion on national ethics, religious equality, and the education and administration of backward peoples delivered to the Egyptian students at Cairo and the complacent assemblage at the Guildhall should most certainly find their place in the next published collection of Mr. Roosevelt's speeches; the space occupied by them in "African Game Trails" being taken in any new edition by further natural history and anthropological information, plenty of which I know Mr. Roosevelt has at the back of his brain, but which he has not had the time to transmit to paper.

One or two of the English reviewers have mentioned Mr. Philip Goodwin's drawings—which assist to illustrate the book under review—in terms of faint praise. May I be allowed to say, as one who has "gone through the mill" as a draughtsman and is exceptionally familiar with the aspect of African beasts, that I think these drawings exceedingly good, effective, and accurate? Mr. Roosevelt himself, on page 501, makes some very sensible remarks as to the importance of good drawings even alongside good photographs. There are many events and aspects of nature which the camera cannot render but which can be brought to our comprehension by the painter or draughtsman. I think Mr. Roosevelt has been fortunate in his artist, and would hope personally that in some revised and enlarged edition of the book we may see more of Mr. Goodwin's work.

THE COMING OF ALICE-FOR-SHORT

BY WILLIAM DAVENPORT HULBERT

"She's little—but O my!"

IT was three or four years ago that we first began to sit up and take notice, but for a long, long time it looked as if nothing practical would ever come of it. Often our eyes followed the various cars that we met upon the highways—the big cars and the little cars, the red cars and the black cars and the gray cars, the cars of all sorts and sizes and shapes and colors—and as the moons went by we learned to recognize the different makes and to know something of their respective merits and demerits. But our interest in them was sometimes scientific and sometimes wistful, according to our mood, but seldom, if ever, very hopeful. Somewhat later we met a number of the agents, and some of them we drove into a perfect frenzy of excitement. How many demonstrations were given in vain, and how many hours of eloquence and argument were wasted on us, it is painful to remember. But though wasted from one point of view, they were not entirely ineffective from another, for we came to have the fever very badly. We weighed and considered and discussed, and over and over again we inspected the contents of our purses and our consciences. Still there was nothing doing, except that we learned once more that hope deferred maketh the heart sick. And then, all of a sudden, it happened; and we were the owners of an automobile. Permit me to introduce her.

She is nearly as close-coupled as an electric, and Diantha, who has acquired

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the De Morgan habit, has christened her Alice-for-Short. For short we call her Alice. As to her number, we understand that the one originally assigned her by the Secretary of State was "80," but that was before we knew her. Just now she is in the forty-nine hundreds. Perhaps the most striking feature of Alice's architecture is the arrangement of the tonneau. It is a removable tonneau, very much abbreviated, and you get into it by climbing onto the forward deck and then tilting the left front seat sidewise, out of the way—thus, in the language of the catalogue of 1905, securing all the benefits of a roomy and comfortable side entrance without any of the disadvantages of longer wheel-base, increased weight, and consequent loss of power and effectiveness. It is very ingenious, entirely obviating the inconveniences of a door in the middle of the back. One does not like to praise his own machine too highly, but I see no reason why I should not again quote the catalogue, which says frankly, without any hesitation or false modesty, that she is a wonderfully attractive car.

Partly because Alice's front and rear wheels are so close together, and partly because they are of very modest diameter, she generally knows it when she hits a bump. So do you. But she is possessed of an elastic temperament and a set of full-elliptic springs that know their business, and she hops over without a pause, comes down lightly and easily on the other side, and goes on her way rejoicing.

Alice's engine stands crosswise, and the front of her bonnet is like the arch of Cabin John Bridge. I must confess, moreover, that there are only two speeds forward and one reverse. Nevertheless, it is a highly intelligent engine—though somewhat demonstrative—and it has the correct number of cylinders. (The one on the port side is the best.) Is the grade very, very heavy, as it is apt to be in the cities of the Sound? Just throw in the low gear, give her an open throttle and a good fast spark, and then watch her climb. She'll take her time, it is true, and she'll make more or less fuss about it. In fact, she'll make a good deal of fuss. But at least she won't talk like a Gatling gun, the way so many of these new-fangled contraptions do on such occasions, for Alice is a lady, and she never under any circumstances cuts out her muffler. She is too well-bred, and besides she doesn't know how.

She is air-cooled, thereby securing such advantages as— But I think we'll drop it. If you care to learn all about it, just read the advertising pages of the magazines and you'll know more than I do, who have driven a car.

We admit that Alice has her shortcomings, aside from coming short. For instance, her road-clearance is not all that it might be, and, being chain-driven, she has been known to drop her rear sprocket into the mud and dirt, which is not a good thing to do. And perhaps we did not fully realize when we bought her that she was the only machine in town that sported a canopy top. Certain of the small boys in our neighborhood awoke to the fact before we did, and were good enough to call our attention to it as we went by. Ah, well! Never mind. We were a little annoyed at first, but we have come to be like that celebrated hen of whom small Marjorie Fleming wrote:

> "She was most unusual cam,
> She did not give a single dam."

Besides, we took the top off as soon as the rainy season was over.

The rest of Alice's equipment calls for no extended comment. Her color is a very dark green—quiet, and in thoroughly good taste. Her seats are of comfortable design and are fairly well upholstered. Her horn is attached to the steering-post, which is the plan followed in the finest and most luxurious cars, as you will see by consulting the aforesaid catalogue. At this writing her headlights are out of commission owing to a slight altercation with a street car, but if her biography sells well we may be able to buy a new pair.

It was late October when Alice-for-Short came to live at our house, and the rainy season had begun. If you have ever spent a year on the Northwest Coast, you know what that means. Sometimes, when it cleared up for a little while, we caught a brief glimpse of "the mountain," away off on the southeastern horizon, lifting its great white dome into the blue. Before Alice came we had planned that we would visit it with our

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machine just as soon as we had one. And there were Snoqualmie Falls, forty miles away among the foothills of the Cascades. They were said to be a hundred feet higher than Niagara and very beautiful. And the road to Vancouver beckoned—and the road across the Thumb to the ocean—and the road to California—and many another route through the woods and the mountains. Shall I not confess it?—we even dreamed of going to Boston. A near relation of Alice's, a little smaller and a little less powerful, and antedating her by one year, once broke the transcontinental record square in two. But when we ran out to the end of the asphalt and looked ahead, the mud was very deep. Moreover, we had discovered that Alice's acquaintance was not quite so easily made as we had fondly imagined it would be. She has her reserves, her depths of character which you do not learn except by living with her. As yet we did not feel entirely at ease in her company, and we were not always quite sure what she would do next. And so, for the time being, we kept to the pavements and the parks.

But when Thanksgiving arrived we made up our minds that it was time to butt in. It might be a little hard on Alice, but how could we ever get acquainted at all unless we went traveling? What was she for, anyhow?

So Friday afternoon four of us—the Rancher, the Greek Teacher, Alice-for-Short, and I—hiked down Madison Street to the ferry. The Rancher, who wished to look at some farm lands in the Snoqualmie Valley, had a piece of bacon in his pocket, and sundry other eatables in a bundle. The Greek, who was out of school for two or three days and wanted to get into the country, brought some hardtack and a small frying-pan. And vests. Whenever the wind blew a little chillier the Greek would fish up another vest from some dark corner of the tonneau and put it on. He says more vests are the best thing in the world in the way of extra clothing, because they afford additional protection just where you need it most. Alice and I contributed a canoe tent, a rather scanty stock of blankets, and a camera with which we meant to take a great many photographs. I may as well say right here that we took only one, and that that one wasn't good. We had other things on our minds. Diantha and I went again in April, and that time we got some.

We had to wait some time for the ferry, and it was beginning to grow dark when we disembarked the other side of Lake Washington. November days are short in the Puget Sound country. We would push out on the road just a little way, we thought, and find a good place to camp for the night. We pushed, and Alice's troubles began.

The road was muddy and bad and the hill was very steep—much steeper that gloomy autumn evening than on the spring morning when Alice and Diantha and I went over it again. We had to give her the low gear almost immediately, and even so she labored heavily. Presently the Greek and the Rancher said they would walk a little way. The merciful man is merciful to his beast. Thus lightened, Alice took heart, and in the course of time she paused on the summit and waited for them to overtake her. The engine was pretty warm.

We looked around in the gathering dusk, but as a camping-ground the crest of that hill was not attractive. It had been raining most of the time for a month, and we might as well have hunted for a gold mine as for dry fuel or a dry spot to pitch the tent.

"Let's go a little farther," some one said, and we went—mile after mile, and hour after hour.

Behind the clouds was a moon, and enough light sifted through to show us the tall trees marching slowly past, with now and then a farm-house, or a lumber camp, or a village. The searchlights lit the road a little way ahead—not very far, for Alice's generator has its faults. Usually there was mud—sometimes shallow, sometimes deep. Sometimes we went up hill, and sometimes down. Sometimes the Greek and the Rancher rode, and sometimes they walked. Often my conscience smote me as I sat at the wheel and listened to Alice's bitter complainings. Who was I to set her such a task and hold her to it, when I did not know how to make it easy for her? It wasn't right.

By and by we came to where the lum-

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bermen had been hauling logs over the road and had cut it all to pieces. How many such miles there were I do not know, and I do not want to. But there were too many. The Greek and the Rancher walked, and Alice and I crawled, she shrieking hysterically, I objurgating silently. With the throttle well open, the spark away forward, and the engine fairly humming, I swung the clutch lever with one hand and steered with the other, and Alice drove ahead—pitching, tossing, lurching, trembling, protesting in every way she knew how—till I could tell by the feel of her that she was getting very hot. Then we would stop and rest. Around and above us the tall trunks of the giant trees loomed up in solemn majesty to lose themselves in the darkness overhead. There was no wind, and the woods were very, very still. Little by little, as we sat and waited, the calm peace of the quiet night crept into our troubled hearts, and Alice's fevered brow grew cool again—or at least a little cooler. Then, in the course of time, we would hear the voices of the Greek and the Rancher as they came trudging up behind. The Rancher would stop beside the lifted bonnet and lay his hand on the engine. If it burnt him very badly, we would wait a little longer. If it didn't, he would give the crank a throw and we would do the whole thing over again—and again—and again—and again. It was wicked.

At eleven o'clock we pulled up in front of a blacksmith shop some thirty-five miles from home. The rain was coming down, not heavily, but with a quiet, determined air that foreboded trouble. We tried the door, thinking to get under cover and spread our blankets among the horseshoes, but it was locked. We looked under the trees for a dry spot, but there was none to be found. And so, at last, we climbed up again on to Alice's back, pulled down the side curtains, wrapped the blankets round us, nibbled some of the Greek's hardtack, and slept and woke by turns for six or seven hours. The rain pattered on the canopy top, and the wind stole in between the curtains and poked its cold fingers down our necks. The prospects for a transcontinental trip seemed very poor.

But at the first glimmer of dawn we tumbled out, and with a few dry kindlings from the locker under Alice's rear seat, aided by kerosene from Alice's left sidelight, we started a small fire. We made coffee and fried bacon and eggs, and were somewhat cheered. The rain had ceased. Up the road a few of the clouds were touched with a rosy fire that was more like a real "back East" sunrise than anything we had seen for weeks. Some one pointed to a row of trees along the bank of the Snoqualmie, and called attention to the fact that their limbs were bare, as trees' limbs should be in November. (The evergreens of the Coast are superb, but sometimes a little monotonous.) The Rancher said it looked like a Kansas river-bottom. A kind of homey feeling came over us, and the world was quite another place from what it had been at midnight.

"Ain't it funny what a difference
Just a few hours make?"

But about this time we made an alarming discovery. Alice must have been very thirsty in the night, for both the gasoline tank and the one that had held the cylinder oil were nearly empty. We found some gasoline at the nearest post-office, but of oil there was none. Then some one told us that back in the woods a little way, breaking rocks for the county roads, were an engine and a stone-crusher. Possibly they might have something that would answer our purpose. So we hunted them up, cutting across fields, through the bush, and up and down roads that were little more than cow-tracks. It was low-gear work, and Alice-for-Short got all het up in her little tummy and was very much excited. We found them at last. Yes, they had oil, but it was steam-engine oil, thick and dark and heavy, very different from the bright, clear, liquid article that Alice was accustomed to. Whether she could digest it without serious derangement seemed exceedingly doubtful. We took a good big can full of the stuff, because we did not know what else to do, but we were afraid of it. And then, just when things looked blackest, we heard of a man who owned an automobile and actually had a whole barrelful of genuine cylinder oil stored in his woodshed. He was away on his wedding tour, but the Rancher did some detective

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work and found some one who had authority to sell us a gallon. A goodly slice of the day was gone, but our difficulties were over for the time, and Alice was ready for the road.

Something less than half an hour later we struck a long, steep hill, and at its top we left Alice to catch her breath while we went on foot a few rods farther and stood on the edge of a tall cliff, gazing silently at Snoqualmie Falls. Directly opposite us the big river, swollen with the autumn rains, leaped over a rocky precipice between the fir trees, and dropped two hundred and sixty feet sheer down. Our ears were full of the roar and thunder of it, and from head to foot we were wet with the drifting spray. I wish I could tell you what it was like, but there are some things that cannot be put into words. You too must go traveling in an automobile.

At noon we stopped again in front of the blacksmith shop, and again it was raining. This time we had no trouble in getting in, for the blacksmith was there and was much concerned when he heard how we had sought shelter the night before and had not found it. The back door was open all the time, he said, and we would have been welcome. Next time we must walk right in and make ourselves at home. We blew up his forge, and while we made coffee, heated a frying-pan of beans, and ate our dinner, he kept on with his work and between hammer-strokes told us his history and that of his family unto the third and fourth generation backward. It appears that the Murphys have always been short, like himself, though always strong and hearty. He had an uncle once who weighed two hundred and fifty, but he was as broad as he was long. The blacksmith was a fine man, with the true neighborly spirit, and we spent a pleasant hour in his shop and parted from him with regret.

A few miles nearer home, where the road was sometimes an aisle between the giant firs, sometimes a rickety bridge over a gully, and sometimes a shelf on the hillside, Alice did a new stunt. We couldn't tell exactly how she managed it, but whenever we tried to throw in the clutch there was a loud bang from the driving-chain, and then—nothing doing. It didn't break, but it wouldn't go. We couldn't understand it, and we wondered if the confounded chain had stretched, or what other unearthly thing had happened to it. We tried various expedients, and things that we hoped might be expedients, but none of them helped very much. For a little while we limped along, half expecting to go to pieces at any moment, and then, at the foot of a long, steep hill freshly covered with loose gravel, she balked absolutely. Again and again we tried our best to start her up the grade, till the cylinders grew hot as fire, but she would not. And the rain came down harder and harder, and our spirits sank, and our tempers rose. And the humiliating part of it was that we were pretty sure, down in the bottom of our hearts, that it was all our fault, and that Alice-for-Short would be entirely equal to the emergency if we only knew how to give her a fair show.

In the midst of things there appeared a Job's comforter in the shape of a man in a buggy. He stopped to palaver, and we told him all about it.

"Well, boys," he said, when he had heard the whole story, "I *hope* you'll make the five-forty-five boat, but I don't *believe* you will," and he whipped up his horse and went on.

It was a fine horse.

But after him there came a good Samaritan with a farm wagon and a stout, heavy team, and instead of passing by on the other side he asked us how much we weighed. Thirteen hundred, we told him, and he said his grays were good for it.

It hurt, but the Rancher had promised his wife that he would be home that night. What twelve horse-power in a gasoline engine had failed to accomplish, two horse-power in flesh and blood did with ease, and Alice-for-Short moved quietly and steadily up the hill.

At the top we found a smooth, hard, level stretch of crushed stone, and with many misgivings we cranked the engine. And now the unexpected happened. Whether the chain had shrunk in the course of that leisurely climb, or whether our automobile was ashamed of herself and wanted to redeem her reputation, I do not know; but the carbureter and the spark-coils, the cylinders and the crank-shaft, the transmission, the differential,

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and the rear wheels, all burst forth in a joyful chorus, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" and Alice gathered up her skirts in one hand and fairly scooted till she came to the end of the macadam and hit the mud again. And then the whole painful programme of the night before had to be repeated, and we didn't make the ferry after all.

But we caught the first boat the next morning, and as we backed away from the wharf our spirits rose once more. We had butted in. To use what has been described as mixed metamorphosis, we had given Alice a very hard row to hoe and only once had she failed to make the grade. Probably she would have made it that time if we had done thus and so. We had been to Snoqualmie in the rainy season and had come home again, and we looked forward to a day when, under brighter auspices and with more experienced handling, she would cover us all with glory. Perhaps we should still go to Boston. Anyhow, we had butted in.

Another half-hour and we landed in town, to find ourselves face to face with the very worst piece of road of the whole journey. There had been a freshet in our absence, and the plank pavement that led down to the ferry was in ruins. Had we come so far to be foiled at the very end? We looked around for cops. There were none in sight. Presumably they had all gone to church. Hist! Tell it not at the city hall, publish it not at police headquarters, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph—but Alice-for-Short came up Madison Street on the sidewalk.

THE NEW BOOKS

Mr. Walter G. Shotwell's "The Life of Charles Sumner" is certainly the most exhaustive and perhaps the most painstaking biography of Sumner that has yet appeared. It consists of a volume of more than seven hundred and fifty closely printed pages, in which every phase of the great Senator's career is studied in detail, and, fortunately, with a narrative skill that seldom allows the interest to flag. Possibly there is a little too much in the way of quotation from Sumner's speeches, and undoubtedly the story of his different European visits is told with a too minute attention to the mere facts of his movements from place to place. But the book as a whole is so interesting that such comparatively trivial defects may well be overlooked. It is most interesting in dealing with Sumner's private life, particularly with his life in the years before his strenuous championship of the rights of the negro opened for him the Congressional activities that were to place his name high on the roll of America's illustrious sons. In writing of Sumner's student days, of his associations at Harvard, in Cambridge, and in Boston, of his work as a lecturer and a lawyer, and of his friendships, Mr. Shotwell has a pleasant habit of dropping into asides of a personal and historical character, illuminating vividly both the figure of Sumner himself and the times in which he lived. The point of view throughout is that of a devoted admirer, eager to defend yet not blind to his hero's defects. Sumner, Mr. Shotwell frankly admits, was an intolerant man, a thoroughgoing egotist, who "did not doubt that he was right in his conclusions, and could not see how others could have opinions different from his and still be sincere." But it was this very egotism, he insists, that made largely for Sumner's success, for his undoubted achievements. "His times demanded a man not only of his talents, but of his faults also." As to his work in Congress before, during, and after the Civil War, Mr. Shotwell seems to entertain the belief that Sumner was pretty nearly always in the right, a conclusion in which not all historians will agree with him. None, however, can read his whole-souled defense, his vigorous analysis of motives and conduct, of men and events, and, above all, his able portraiture of Sumner the man, the scholar, the book lover and art lover, as well as the statesman, without sympathizing as perhaps never before with this stern son of New England who strove so manfully and so persistently for the complete freedom of the slave. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York. $1.50.)

The "Intimate Life of Alexander Hamilton," written by his grandson, Dr. Allan McLane Hamilton, is neither a formal biography nor a critical study of the great statesman. It is not intended as such, Dr. Hamilton obviously appreciating the fact that several excellent books of the kind exist, notably Mr. Oliver's brilliantly analytical work, to which he rightly refers as "a noble monument to the memory of Hamilton." His aim has been rather to portray Hamilton the man, in his home life, his friendships, his relations with other eminent men of the time, and his conduct of the enterprises undertaken by him as writer, orator, and

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lawyer. In executing this task Dr. Hamilton has been fortunate in being able to draw freely upon a large mass of hitherto unpublished documents, including many letters written by and to Hamilton; and the result is a volume which will be welcomed by all future historians and biographers as assisting them materially in estimating Hamilton's personality and character. The reader who is neither historian nor biographer will undoubtedly enjoy it because of the sheer human interest with which it abounds. What Hamilton looked like, where he lived, the romance of his courtship and marriage, how and what he wrote, his successes and defeats in the court-room, the men he consorted with and the men he fought, how he met his death—such are the topics which Dr. Hamilton treats. Naturally, the tone of his book is always sympathetic, but it is characterized by a candor that is really remarkable in view of the relationship between the author and his subject. Thus Dr. Hamilton handles in a straightforward way the troublesome question of Hamilton's parentage; and in his version of the events leading up to the duel he takes a far kindlier attitude towards Burr than do most writers. One of the best chapters is that descriptive of Mrs. Hamilton, whose unusual charms are persuasively depicted, and whose devotion to the memory of her well-loved husband—a devotion ending only with her own death fifty years later—is clearly revealed in a number of delightful reminiscences. Among other things, Dr. Hamilton notes that he has in his possession a verse evidently written by Hamilton during his courtship and worn in a little bag by his wife until her death. Some mention should also be made of the numerous anecdotal references to Hamilton's contemporaries. Altogether this is a most entertaining as well as in many ways helpfully informing volume. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.50.)

The descriptive and historical books written by Mr. Joel Cook have made a place of their own because of the popular yet thorough method of treatment and the admirable illustrations which are always to be found in these works. "The Mediterranean and its Border Lands" possesses the qualities just mentioned in quite as high degree as its predecessors which related to the picturesque, historic, and romantic features respectively of France and England. Mr. Cook thinks that the venerable countries bordering the Mediterranean are now "just dawning into a new life, with the awakening that naturally comes from the infusion of modern American and European ideas." Certainly it may at least be said that the vast numbers of American visitors who find pleasure and instruction on the shores of the Mediterranean will be glad to have in such attractive form narrative, description, and historical sketch. There are fifty photogravures in the two volumes, and in all mechanical and physical ways the books are well made. (The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. $5.)

It seems strange that so few books have been published concerning Norway. As a matter of fact, whether judged by its charm and impressiveness of mountain and fiord or by its attractiveness of folk, Norway is a country which emphatically deserves the traveler's visit. In her volume "A Trip to the Land of the Midnight Sun" Martha Buckingham Wood tells us many interesting things about both land and people. Indeed, her book has surprises in store for some of us. We may be surprised to learn of the diversity and wealth of flowers. We may be equally surprised to learn of the diversity of appearance and manners in the people, for we may have supposed that one Norwegian looks pretty much like another. The author's material, it must be owned, is vastly better than her style. Nor, to those who have seen Norway, is her description adequate and satisfying. (Brandeis, New York. $2.)

A valuable little volume by the distinguished Egyptologist, W. M. Flinders Petrie, exhibits "The Growth of the Gospels as Shown by Structural Criticism." It finds the structure of the first three Gospels consisting of a nucleus formed, probably at Jerusalem, during the first decade of the Church, with episodes added from decade to decade for needs created by the rise of new questions and interests. Dr. Petrie regards the personal equation in subjective criticism as eliminated by this objective classification of material, and a firm platform gained for subsequent historical discussion and more personal judgment of detail. To suppose the main body of the Gospels to have originated as late as the Gentile period, in the sixth decade of the first century, he pronounces an anachronism devoid of historic sense. The results of his sorting of their structural elements into the nucleus and the successive accretions to it are exhibited at length in an analytic appendix. The primitive nucleus here presented is a substantial document of about five thousand words. One may fairly doubt that subjective criticism can be entirely eliminated by what Dr. Petrie values as a merely mechanical sorting of structural material. In the matter of "episodes" it can hardly fail to creep in. It may fairly be said, however, to be reduced to the lowest terms. (The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. 90 cents.)

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LETTERS TO THE OUTLOOK

RAILWAY EFFICIENCY

[An editorial relating to this letter appears on another page.—THE EDITORS.]

In The Outlook of December 10, 1910, you publish an article by me setting forth the financial history of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railway Company, and illustrating the proposition that the public interest requires that railways shall earn not merely an attractive dividend upon their stock, but also an adequate surplus in order to afford that credit which is necessary for the raising of the enormous sums of money needed to develop the railways of the country in accordance with the public needs and desires.

In editorial comment upon this article you treat my proposition as established, but refer to the claim (not discussed by me) that testimony recently heard by the Inter-State Commerce Commission tends to show that the railways are not efficiently managed; and you suggest that the additional net revenue needed for the purpose of maintaining the credit of the railways should be obtained by more efficient management. Your remarks are susceptible of the interpretation that the Inter-State Commerce Commission ought not to permit rates to be advanced *until the railways prove that they cannot* make any further savings.

You cite the opinion of Mr. Harrington Emerson to support the view of waste in railway management. Mr. Emerson's evidence before the Commission made it plain that not merely the railways but all forms of industry and virtually all forms of human activity fall far short of his ideals of efficiency. The special instances cited to the Commission of the scientific management advocated by Mr. Emerson and other experts were striking exceptions to the general rule in other lines of industry. When asked about the difference between railways and other industries, Mr. Emerson said that the railways "are fully up to, if not ahead of, the average ability, and probably ahead of what they were some years ago." I have no fear but that any impartial investigation will show a higher average of efficiency on the part of railways as a whole than on the part of other industries as a whole.

Since it is of the highest importance to the public that the railways should have sufficient revenue to protect their credit, it would be unreasonable and contrary to the public's own interest for the public to take the position that it will obstruct the protection of railway credit because the railways have not attained an ideal standard of efficiency far beyond that attained by the general average of other well-managed industries.

Again, the supporters of Mr. Emerson's theories made it clear that, in order for those theories to prevail, existing industrial methods must be revolutionized. Such a revolution even in a single shop is a matter of time, and throughout an extended industry (if practicable at all) would be a matter of years or decades. The question of protecting the credit of the railways is a matter of to-day. It is a thing the country needs to-day. It cannot be postponed indefinitely to await the success of an industrial revolution, even if that success were assured, but demands favorable attention now according to the general conditions and standards which now prevail.

A characteristic feature of the theories of these experts is the stimulation of the individual laborer's effort through a bonus system. This feature is obnoxious to union labor. One railway company attempted to put this bonus system into effect on its locomotives, but the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, one of the most intelligent labor unions in the country, protested so effectively that the attempt was abandoned. The principles of union labor must be radically changed before it will co-operate in putting any such theories into general effect. It is impossible to predict when this obstacle to the accomplishment of these theories will be removed, if ever.

All discussion and investigation which tend to stimulate interest in an increase of industrial efficiency are to be welcomed, because any such movement will help to improve all enterprises, even the best managed, whether railway or non-railway, and it is to be hoped will influence union labor to co-operate heartily in the realization of greater efficiency. But the needs of to-day cannot await the future working out of these problems; and the immediate strengthening of railway credit through permitting the railways to obtain additional revenue is emphatically a need of to-day.

WALKER D. HINES.
Office Chairman of Executive Committee and General Counsel, A. T. & S. F. Railway Company, New York.

THE NEW NATIONALISM

[See an editorial in this issue entitled "The Flexibility of Law."—THE EDITORS.]

Your interesting editorial on "The New Nationalism" in The Outlook of October 29 seems to me likely to result in misapprehension in one vital point, and perhaps to miss one vital distinction. May I suggest some considerations on these matters which, in my judgment, ought not to be overlooked?

You quote at the outset what Washington said in criticism of the old Articles of Confederation before the Constitution was adopted: "It is clear to me as A B C that an extension of Federal powers would make us one of the most happy, wealthy, respectable, and powerful nations that ever inhabited the terrestrial globe. Without them we shall soon be everything that is directly the reverse." The formation and adoption of the Constitution, by which the Central Govern-

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ment was given greatly added powers, you consider the first step in the development of the New Nationalism. Subsequent stages you enumerate as the rejection of nullification, the defeat of secession, the creation of a National currency, the adoption of the policy of internal improvements under Federal control, and the extension of Federal power over railways. The latest development you regard as the policy of Conservation, which you thus define: "Conservation is simply the doctrine that the Federal Government shall continue to retain the ownership, and therefore the power to control, the forest lands, mineral lands, and swamp lands, and the water power sites which now belong to it."

Now, each of these matters involves two quite distinct questions—the question of what may be desirable from the point of view of the general welfare, and the question of what the Central Government may legally do under a fair interpretation of the powers granted to it by the Constitution. Some powers may plainly belong Constitutionally to the Federal Government, and yet it may wisely be held inexpedient to exercise them. Other powers may justly be held as very desirable for the Central Government to exercise, and yet there may be no Constitutional warrant for them. Mere desirability is one thing; Constitutional validity is quite another thing. Is there not danger—very real danger—that there may grow up in the public mind a general notion that whatever one may consider expedient to be done by the Federal Government should for that reason be done, with little or no regard to the question of Constitutionality? Indeed, is it not now rather commonly said by quite intelligent people, "Oh, well, one should take a liberal view of the Constitution, and not be bound down by petty technicalities"? Is this state of mind one which, after all, is wholesome? The Supreme Court, it is true, is vested with the power of adjudicating what the Constitution means. Should the Court use that great jurisdiction to decide that the Central Government should have a given power because, in the opinion of the Court, it would be for the general welfare for such power to be held and exercised; or, on the other hand, should the decision be made (if in the affirmative) because, in the opinion of the Court, the power may fairly be inferred from the organic law as it stands? Is it not more important that the fundamental law should be maintained in its integrity than that any particular function, no matter how desirable, should be possessed by the Government? Should we not always discriminate sharply, and should not the public be trained always to discriminate sharply, between the desirability and the legal validity of any course of action?

I cannot help feeling that the drift of your argument is in favor of the conception that the fundamental idea to be held in view is that of desirability, and that the Constitutional warrant for a given policy is a matter of secondary importance, which can easily be supplied if only the Court is sufficiently enlightened.

Again, in the line of precedents which you consider, is it not well to bear in mind that the suggestion of Washington related to an actual and important change in the existing organic law? The Articles of Confederation were defective. Under those Articles the powers of the Central Government were entirely inadequate. What he had in mind was not a distortion of the existing Constitution, but the creation of a new one. The new one was actually made, and in it the greatly increased powers which Washington desired were given to the Central Government. All the other questions which you discuss relate, not to a change in the fundamental law at all, but merely to its interpretation. It is true that there have been different schools of thought as to the meaning of the great charter. Still, in the end, it has been the decision of the Supreme Court that has settled these questions, and I am bound to think that that decision has in the main rested substantially upon a legitimate judicial construction, and not upon the varying whims of the individual Justices. The question of secession finds its settlement in the adjudication of the Court that this is "an indestructible Union of indestructible States" (Texas vs. White). The question as to the power of Congress to tax the issues of State banks was also settled by the adjudication of the Supreme Court in the case of the Veazie Bank vs. Fenno. The question of the power of Congress to issue legal tender paper currency in like manner was finally determined by the Supreme Court in the legal tender cases. All these and many other decisions of the Court tended, not in any proper sense to add to the powers of the Central Government any new substantive power at all, but simply to interpret the grant of powers laid down in the Constitution, and to decide whether or not a given power actually existed. May it not also be fairly considered that perhaps the New Nationalism would hold it desirable for the Federal Government to have the power of levying an income tax? This, however, the Supreme Court held was, in fact, not a power fairly to be inferred from the Constitutional grants. So far as questions included under the head of Conservation are concerned, would it not be well to discriminate sharply between things which are desirable and things which are within the legal power of the Congress to do? The proposed Appalachian Park is a case in point. The desirability of such Federal reserve may be held as unquestioned, as indeed is my own view of the case; but whether Congress has power under the Constitution to acquire land for such purposes is another question altogether, on which opinions may justly differ. If, finally, the Court should hold, should a case be brought to it, that that power does not exist, would the Court thereby necessarily be open to criticism as composed of unenlightened and reactionary individuals?

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By all means let us, so far as possible, use all the powers of the Federal Government to perform those useful functions which cannot safely or well be performed by the States; but let us also scrupulously heed the safeguards which the Constitution has provided, and let us remember that respect for law is more important than any material betterment which the Nation may get by the warping to suit special views of the great fundamental charter of our liberties.

HARRY PRATT JUDSON.

The University of Chicago,
Office of the President.

THE FOOTBALL QUESTION

The article by Mr. Daniel Grant Herring in the issue of The Outlook for October 29 calls attention very forcibly to certain objectionable features of football as it is played in American colleges. Mr. Herring voices what is undoubtedly a growing dissatisfaction with a game that has grown to play too large a part in college activities. And yet it is not probable that any considerable number of those who would gladly see the game reformed or supplanted altogether would join in a campaign which should have for its slogan "Back to Rugby;" for it seems extremely unlikely that a game that certainly has most excellent qualities and that has such a strong hold on the American public should be suddenly and completely abandoned for any other game whatsoever.

If I may be allowed to express an opinion, I should say that we ought not to attempt to abolish intercollegiate football; that instead we should do everything possible to crystallize public opinion into desired reforms and to create favorable conditions for the entering of Soccer and Rugby into competition on somewhat equal terms with the gridiron game. To this end nothing could be more effective than the encouragement that school boards, superintendents, and principals might offer for the establishment of these less known and less appreciated forms of football in the public schools. School authorities ought to see to it that grounds are provided, that tournaments are arranged, that prizes are offered, that, at least in the large cities, experts are employed to teach the play—in short, everything possible should be done to root these two games in school life.

Thus the younger generation entering college would carry with them something of the traditions of the several variants of football. The result would be conflict, and if out of it should emerge a new and superior game, so much the better for athletic sports. On the other hand, if each style of play should hold its own, the innovation would be worth while, for each game would draw its adherents, and thus athletic activity in the college would not be limited throughout the "football season" to a few stalwart youth who alone can withstand the very strenuous American game.

JOSEPH B. LOCKEY.

Lima, Peru.

THE YANKEE IN FICTION

In the number of your magazine dated November 19 there was a most enjoyable article entitled "The Yankee in British Fiction." The examples given therein were for the most part delightfully well chosen. In portraying a "type" or local character the British author should of course stick to a consistent and truthful form of dialect. It is more artistic. But permit me to protest that the average American is not strictly local in speech.

For instance, I am an American girl of the "common or garden" variety. My mother was an Englishwoman and my mother tongue was fairly pure British. The public school of New York City, residence in a semi-Southern town on the Mississippi and in a Pacific coast town, association with college and other acquaintances from "everywhere," have modified my speech. Teaching among foreigners has likewise had its effect upon one who delights in odd turns of expression, hoards them, and finds them often coming handily into use. Most of the folk I meet have had similar tongue histories. Furthermore, one may go into a tiny up-State town, to a farm which has been in the same family since Colonial times, and find that the younger people are working their way West and back, while the grown-ups' latest boarders have been Australians. One is inclined to believe that the majority of United States citizens are not of entirely local parentage and experience, and their flow of language registers the fact.

So let us imagine in as many cases as possible that the "Yankee's" lapses from localism are not altogether unreasonable. Likely enough the British author just lacked information. But give him the benefit of the doubt. He may actually have heard "I guess" and "I reckon" from the same lips.

It is perhaps as much to our credit, and even as "literaturesque," that we use rather mixed language. So language grows.

Brooklyn, N. Y. ALICE M. FULLER.

A CORRECTION

Will you kindly correct a statement made by the Spectator in the issue of The Outlook of October 29, 1910, in which he says that the stand of colors and the Delaware State flag were presented to the battle-ship Delaware by the Daughters of the Revolution? The flags were presented by the National Society of the Daughters of the *American* Revolution of Delaware, an organization entirely distinct from the Daughters of the Revolution, comprising throughout the United States a membership of nearly eighty thousand women.

ELIZA R. HARVEY.

Wilmington, Delaware.

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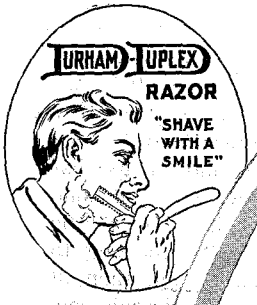

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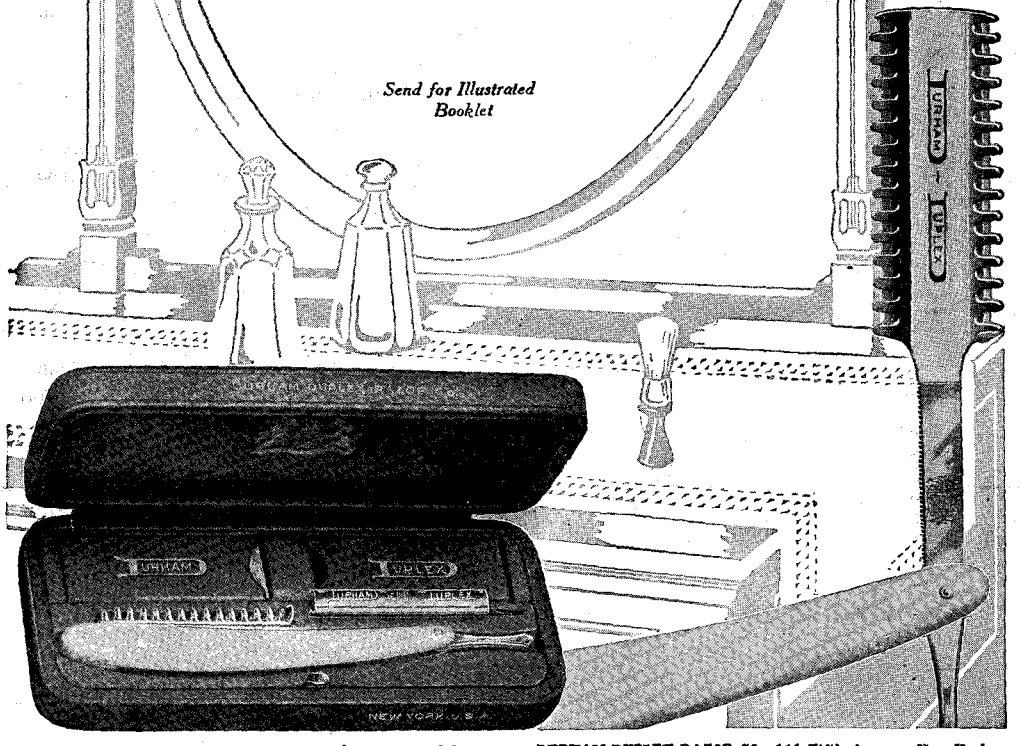

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